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SABOTAGING the League? Who, Lodge? No. Johnson? No. Wilson? No. Who? Why, Lloyd George himself! This is the astounding discovery made by the New York *Times*, the New York *Sun*, and other of our great dailies. To the profound amazement of the first-mentioned, doubtless, its London correspondent reports that the League is "a foundling some of whose foster-fathers, who professed to regard it with affection and proud hope of its future developments, are in reality trying to starve into premature decay." Bless the innocence of our unworldly American editors! That's precisely what has been happening right along, and it is just because of the well-known character of some of those foster-fathers that life-long advocates of a real League of Nations have refused to look with other than suspicion upon the self-appointed custodians of this foundling. Who was it that, after voting for the League, between the time of that voting and the ratification, gobbled up Persia in deliberate violation of the League's spirit and charter? Why, Lloyd George to be sure. Who awarded the colonial mandates? The League? Oh no; the foster-father premiers. Who is parceling out the booty? Not the League, but the selfish men who wrote the Treaty of Versailles and the impossible pact for the Turks. So the Allied Council is charged with infanticide, and true friends of the League like Lord Robert Cecil are terror-stricken lest the babe cease to breathe. Of course, in the end the guilt will be our Senate's. For, don't you see, if the Senate had only accepted the League at once, Lloyd George would have had no chance to strangle it. Which reminds us how the House of Commons rocked with laughter when Lloyd George solemnly and piously adjured it to give the League a fair trial.

DISARMAMENT? Why, we had almost forgotten the word—like the promise that the World War was the war to end war. And here comes the Tammany-controlled New York State Democratic convention to demand disarmament. To it the larger part of the 36-page platform was devoted. We extract the kernel:

> The world must disarm or the world will starve. Partial disarmament or future disarmament will not suffice to avert disaster. Disarmament, immediate, universal, and complete, is the absolute essential of deliverance from the perils that overhang civilization.

The platform also correctly asserted that it is "by no means clear that a League of Nations would produce disarmament. There can be no doubt whatever that disarmament would provide a League of Nations for the purpose, at least, of establishing tribunals to hear international disputes. . . . In an unarmed world the Fourteen Points will enforce themselves." The platform further demanded that no money be loaned to any foreign government to be used for war or armaments. It is a splendid, statesmanlike document, whoever the author, embodying the words that Woodrow Wilson should have been preaching every day from the hour that he first sailed for France. Instead, he has dallied with "incomparably the greatest navy in the world" and universal military service. The New York Democrats have put their fingers on the greatest of our present-day evils and pointed the sole way to immediate relief from the worst of our financial curses. Good, it appears, can, after all, come from the Philistines!

EVERY reader of *The Nation* opposed to conscription should protest to his Senators and Representatives against Sections 73, 74, and 75 of the pending Senate Army bill, giving the President the right to conscript all males between the ages of 18 and 45 whenever he deems that a "national emergency" exists. The bill does not say whether the national emergency shall be of a domestic or foreign nature, or what shall constitute the emergency, or when a serious situation becomes an emergency. No human being should be entrusted with such powers of life and death, or given the sole power of conscripting Americans either for an unjust war or a just war, or in the case of a general strike within the borders of our own country; for the latter contingency could be construed as a national emergency.

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The war-making power now possessed by the President in reality, although meant by the Constitution to be lodged with Congress, should be restricted and not added to, and, if war ever comes again, the American people alone should decide whether there should or should not be conscription. This is the most dangerous proposal since the sedition bills. It may go through *any day* if those who oppose it do not act at once.

HIRAM JOHNSON'S astounding sweep in California much more than offsets General Wood's majority of 5,947 votes over the Senator in Indiana and makes the Californian more than ever a factor in the Republican convention. The Old Guard will not find it so easy to sidetrack him as they had imagined; the greater the odds the less daunted is Hiram. Already he has moved upon North Carolina, and there is Oregon to be heard from. He has shown again, as he did during the Progressive campaign, that he can make votes and arouse enthusiasm, and he has now announced that he will not be headed off by the offer of the Vice-Presidency. The permanent chairmanship of the convention has been given to him, and the Old Guard offers to let him help write the platform, but his appetite grows with eating. Probably he will force the Republicans into accepting the Wilson challenge and coming straight out against the treaty. To defeat the Senator without disrupting the party, the Republican bosses may have to trot out a candidate with a good deal of liberalism about him. Senator Johnson may be in a position to dictate the nomination if at the last moment he finds that he cannot obtain it himself. As for the Democrats—but is there any Democratic contest this year? Not apparently for the Presidency. If Mr. Wilson continues to prevent any competition for the nomination, it may be that the final selection will be some stranger who will have to be introduced to the country. The complete dearth of leadership and of first-rate political talent in the party is part of the price it has to pay for Mr. Wilson's dominance and his refusal to permit any man of genuine stature to remain near him in a position of importance.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL A. MITCHELL PALMER has scored another triumph. On May 3 Andrea Salsedo jumped to his death from the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York City, where he had been confined in a room since March 7 when he was arrested by the Department of Justice without a warrant. He had been held since then without having a day in court or being charged with a crime. When the suicide took place, Department of Justice officials lied about the case with rather more than usual stupidity. Thus they told the police that the dead man was Tony Tazio and that he was merely an Italian laborer of Communist tendencies detained for questioning. Then they alleged that he had confessed to participation in the anarchist plot of last year and that he was being held incomunicado in order to enable the Department of Justice to catch the others of the band; then this explanation was changed to the assertion that he was being kept under arrest to protect him from his former associates, who would have killed him for his confession. Both of these statements his lawyer denounced as false. Salsedo had confessed only to setting up and printing the famous pink circulars that accompanied the bombs. His lawyer sought to bail him out, but was told that the man would be immediately rearrested. Immigration officials assert that a deportation warrant was granted on March 10 to Palmer's men for Salsedo, but that they have heard nothing from it. "O Department of Justice, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

CAN it be that Mr. Palmer is right? Can it be that these absurd, not to say dangerous, ideas about Constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly which he is hounding so tirelessly have not only passed into the minds of many common men, but have actually penetrated into the strongholds of officialdom itself? It seems hardly likely. Yet there is Judge Anderson of Boston; and Louis F. Post, investigated by a Congressional committee for canceling the deportation orders of certain Reds whose color did not seem so lurid upon closer inspection. And now Secretary of Labor Wilson decides that membership in the Communist Labor Party is not in itself ground for deportation. To be sure this decision came as a great shock to Assistant Attorney General Garvan, who said that under such ruling "all members of the I. W. W., the Communist Party, and other radical organizations can now become members of the Communist Labor Party with perfect safety, and not be subject to deportation." (A simple solution of the entire problem!) But the fact that such a decision could be made by a Cabinet member is encouraging. We may yet see a return to reason in America.

CONGRESS, before it adjourns, might well pass a law forcing postal employees to strike. Early in the reign of Mr. Burleson these faithful subjects began to be dissatisfied with their low wages. Congress then allowed them to organize and affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, but forbade them to use economic pressure. They thereupon formed unions, and submitted their appeals for a living wage through the regular channels. Mr. Burleson discharged their leaders for "insubordination," refused to meet their committees, and recommended that the right of organization and group appeal be taken from them. That was in 1917. Since then the postal unions have been trying in vain to gain satisfaction, in a legal manner, from Congress. The chief result is a board, which has sat for fourteen months without a decision. What is the consequence? An undermanned and inefficient postal service, which has already cost the people much, and is threatened with complete collapse in the near future. The public would have been greatly benefited if the postal unions had struck in the beginning, and won the deserved increases with a minimum of delay. As long as so little attention is paid to just requests made in the ordinary way, it might be better policy to encourage, nay, to insist upon, strikes of public employees.

IT looks as if there were a very wiggly dog under the Turkish carpet, and the Allies, who are trying to tack down the corners of the carpet, seem in a fair way to hammer their own thumbs. They are prudently leaving the Armenian republic without boundaries, its proposed capital being in the hands of the Turkish Nationalists. But the Sultan is a virtual prisoner at Constantinople, and the Allied authorities there have arrested some 1,200 Nationalists, including several ministers whom they had themselves thrust into office. The imprisoned Sultan's authority does not cross the straits, however, and the Nationalist movement refuses

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to consider itself jailed. The British have occupied—with East Indian troops—a few of the ports on the Anatolian side of the Sea of Marmora, but recruits continue to slip through to the Nationalist lines, and the French forces which landed at Mersina in Cilicia—"covered by Armenian volunteers"—have not been able to advance beyond the protection of their naval guns. The French troops which penetrated to Ufa have been wiped out; French papers say that even in Christian Beirut the coolness of the native population is "astonishing" and "ungrateful"! As a matter of fact, Asia Minor, with the exception of a few small zones within reach of the seaports, is controlled by the Nationalists led by Mustapha Kemal, who says that he will not treat with the Allies until they get out of Constantinople, Cilicia, and Smyrna; the so-called Government with which the Allies are solemnly dealing is a puppet without authority beyond range of Allied guns. Such "peace-making" is a preposterous farce—a repetition of the costly drama of hand-made governments in Russia.

NOTHING could demonstrate more completely the bankruptcy of Allied foreign policy and its utter divorce from present-day reality than the mad handling of the Turkish treaty. The Allied premiers met at San Remo and drew up a treaty which can never be enforced and which they knew could never be enforced, and the assembled newspaper men solemnly reported it to the world just as if it made the slightest difference what Lloyd George and Millerand and Nitti wanted to do about Turkey. These statesmen actually decided to leave Kurdistan to the Turks for two years, "after which period it is to be returned to the League of Nations"! They talked with straight faces of ordering Turkey to renounce all claim to various strips of territory when they could not even agree among themselves how to divide up the fictitious spoils which they have not the power to seize. Marshal Foch told them it would take 300,000 men to enforce their treaty; none of them have that many black men or yellow men available to fight their battles, and yet they go ahead with their unreal deliberations. Meanwhile the Eastern world is moving, and moving fast indeed. A Turkish woman, Halide Edib, is Minister of Education in the Turkish Ministry which really rules Turkey, and the spoils on Turkey's northern border, including the rich oil fields of Baku, have fallen to the Bolshevists.

JAPAN'S modern improvements embrace more than economic imperialism, secret diplomacy, or large scale industry. Japan has found that a place in the economic sun brings with it some of the trials that afflict the countries of the West. The Japanese laborer, having learned to strike, to resort to sabotage, to think "dangerous thoughts," and to demand a vote, is now talking about nationalization of industry. Mr. Bunji Suzuki, president of Yuai-kai, which is rapidly becoming a thorough-going labor union, says quite soberly—and Mr. Suzuki is a sober person—that nationalization, preceded by the legalizing of unions and the granting of manhood suffrage, is the only alternative to a violent revolution in Japan. A special dispatch from Tokio to the *Sun and New York Herald* quotes Mr. Suzuki at length on the industrial health of his country. He is moderate, and he views with horror the thought of a revolution in which the social structure of Japan would "crumble to pieces with a speed and velocity that would leave only national ruins." He has, however, small hope of spontaneous reform on the part of the ruling class of Japan, while labor he finds courting the anger of the authorities whom, even a year ago, it viewed with infinite respect. Mr. Suzuki attributes this new attitude largely to the inclusion of the labor clauses in the covenant of the League of Nations. While this international recognition of labor's rights may have encouraged the Japanese worker to voice his own grievances, it is likely that the real basis of the present state of things in Japan is to be found in those underlying economic maladjustments which alone cause wide-spread social unrest.

THE Irish have given far more loving attention to the statement of their case in the United States than in England. But recently they have begun to get busy inside the citadel of their rulers. The excellent effects of this intensive and home-grown campaign have been seen in both industrial and political happenings. The "Irish question" has entered British bye-elections, and, once in, it will stay put. The largest victory inside Great Britain has been the winning of the Independent Labor Party to the cause of Irish freedom. At the annual conference a resolution urging the "recognition of the Irish Republic" was passed by 268 to 207 votes. If it proves to be true that the I. L. P. is the tail that wags the Labor Party, then a measure of hope can for the first time be placed in organized labor by the Irish. But hope should be supplemented by brisk and tactful work inside the strategic groups of labor—the labor colleges, tutorial classes, shop stewards, unofficial rank-and-file organizations, branches, and other forces of the 100,000 local leaders who have it in their power to overturn the traditional policy of the 3,000 national leaders.

THE Loyal Coalition, "an organization for the conservation of American ideals," has been holding meetings in Boston. The officers state they are "at war with Sinn Feinism." They desire to stress "the importance of Anglo-Saxon unity" and to make "a strong appeal for English and American friendship, with condemnation of the Sinn Fein interference with American Government." Why must these organized efforts at Anglo-American friendship always work round to a war on the Irish? It is conceivable that an American, friendly to the English, might like those English who like the Irish; and that he might wish to find Anglo-American unity, not in "condemnation" nor "war," but in truth and peace and justice. It is a pity that goodwill is laid hold of by propaganda groups with Pilgrim Society-Back Bay-Foreign Office ideas.

THE collapse of Carranza seems to have been so complete and so rapid as to give hope that poor Mexico has at least been spared another long drawn-out war of brothers. It is a pitiful thing indeed that Mexico cannot seem to have a single legitimate Presidential election and that the succession must always be accomplished by revolution. As for Carranza, one cannot yet pass final judgment upon his achievements, but we believe that when the total is cast it will be found that Mexico has made some solid advances during his regime, notably in the establishment of the new Constitution. Not even his collapse can shake *The Nation's* faith in the ability of the Mexican people to work out their own problems without interference from the outside. It is more than ever a time for Americans to show the good will we feel for Mexico and our earnest desire to extend a helping hand in every possible manner.

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"The Hope of the World"

SENATOR KNOX has undergone a remarkable change. "Men's thoughts," wrote Bacon, "are made according to their nature; their speech according to the precepts imprinted on them; but their line of action is after that to which they have been accustomed." According to this usually sound observation, Senator Knox, the author of "dollar diplomacy," the representative in the Senate of Pennsylvania's large corporations and of her intrenched tariff profiteers, should have been the man above all others to do the conventional. We should have expected him to be the first to take the Wall Street viewpoint and to urge immediate ratification of the treaty as the best means of bolstering up the existing order, restoring domestic peace and the normal conduct of international business. But who shall say when and how the heart of man will be moved? After Senator Moses, Mr. Knox was first to denounce the treaty itself as inhuman and intolerable—this aside from any question of the League of Nations. He broke with all his old corporation associates and has fought the treaty as drafted with all the ability so long associated with his name. Last week he presented to the Senate the draft of the revised resolution for an immediate declaration that peace exists. With great force he showed that peace does exist today, and that the keeping up of the absurd fiction that the state of war continues is due entirely to the arrogance, the pride, the blind obstinacy of a single man, the President of the United States.

It is hard to criticize a public man in the pitiful plight of Mr. Wilson; one would rather draw the veil, remembering his physical disability, and pass on to other subjects. But as Senator Knox declared, there is a higher duty if one would present the truth, which is that this one wilful man blocks not only the return to normal relations with our late enemies, but all constructive advances in foreign affairs. One need not accept Mr. Knox's arguments *in toto* as to the existence of peace to know that the facts are with him. Only a diplomatic fiction keeps the countries apart. Each Scandinavian ship brings German business men to us and Germany teems with ours. American ships ply regularly to German ports. Our soldiers in Germany are not there merely because of a temporary suspension of active hostilities; they sleep not upon their arms; they are not hourly awaiting a possible renewal of fighting. They are there as a peace-time garrison on a peace-time footing. But Mr. Wilson refuses to recognize the fact and has again appealed to the Democrats of Oregon to elect men desirous of the ratification of the treaty precisely as originally drawn, without amendment or reservation. He asserts that he will veto the Knox resolution. Far more than that, in order to obtain his will—which he cannot—he keeps in existence during peace war-time measures that are a dangerour menace to American liberties, particularly when administered by his conscienceless Department of Justice, so that Mr. Knox is warranted in charging Mr. Wilson with continuing the fiction of war only for his own personal benefit.

In the primaries of Georgia, Mr. Wilson's bitterest Democratic opponent headed the poll against him. In the Texas Democratic convention, they approved of his policies; but in New York's there was no support for them save from eight persons. In Wisconsin, Senator La Follette, whom Mr. Wilson personally denounced, swept the whole State with his ticket, while Senator Johnson, leader of the fight against the League, carried the Republican primaries in California by an overwhelming majority over the League candidate—all the Republican candidates oppose Mr. Wilson's plan of an unamended treaty. In practically every case where the people have had a chance to vote, the tide has gone against the President. Certainly nowhere has there been that uprising of protest which the President and his editorial supporters have claimed would be the case if the people could speak. On the contrary, the Republicans are encouraged day by day to come out more and more openly against the whole treaty so that it looks as if the Chicago convention would be as flat-footedly against the document as the Irreconcilables themselves. Indeed, Senator Johnson is about in a position to demand this very thing.

Despite this record, the President is moved not at all. No constructive measures come from him; no alternative proposals. If our failure to make peace alone retards the composing of the world's difficulties—which *The Nation* has never believed—the responsibility is plainly the President's. He appeals for the treaty, as if ignorant that that document itself daily breaks down; that the necessity for its revision at once is recognized by all the liberal forces of the world; that the Supreme Council is already knifing the League it never has wished for; that chaos threatens abroad, but there is no peace. How much longer is such an impasse to continue? A revolt within Mr. Wilson's party could end it. New York has led the way in refusing to approve the President's stand; in Massachusetts Senator Walsh declares that the party will not be dominated and controlled at San Francisco by the treaty and League Democrats. The Georgia convention will shortly pass a resolution opposing the Wilson position on the treaty. Indeed, if there were not such blind, sheep-like partisanship within the Democratic Party, if such leaders as Underwood and Overman would be true to themselves and their own beliefs, they could within forty-eight hours compel the President to end an intolerable situation which works untold hardships upon thousands of individuals.

If the Democratic Party really placed patriotism and the service of the world above partisanship, it would not hesitate a moment in voting for the Knox resolution and establishing peace, for the restoration of peace in this manner would not block the way to that enlightened leadership in the world's affairs for which the President still calls, but, on the contrary, would clear the road. Senator Knox sees this, for at the very climax of his speech he declares for an international arrangement "providing for the codification of international law, the establishment of a court of international justice, and the outlawry of war." This arrangement he would have "as complete, comprehensive, and compelling as shall be consistent with human rights and human liberty, with the progress of civilization." "The hope of the world" lies truly in a new deal, a real league of peoples, of all peoples, and not merely of the conquerors and the neutrals; it lies in a prompt response to Signor Nitti's appeal that "conquerors and conquered be made one," in immediate disarmament, in the renewal of relations with Russia, in the prompt discarding of the disgraceful peace treaties with Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey.

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Oil

THE war was not fought because of oil. But the dividing up of the swag among the victors was in part determined by oil, and certain protectorates were nicely adjusted to the presence of it. If the white western world is able to achieve another war in a few years, the causes and objects will probably center around potential oil territory. A good many people are stacking the materials for such a bonfire. The stakes of diplomacy used to be coal, iron ore, rubber, and copper. But the most inflammable recent addition to international poker is oil.

"Lloyd George Uses Oil on Diplomats in San Remo," said a headline of the New York *Sun* on April 26. Thus, oil becomes an instrument of policy. The *Sun* article describes in the orthodox terms of economic determinism how the world of politics is the pasteboard façade for the silent concealed economic forces, and how politicians are the puppets and showmen of the business interests. This new organ of Marxism makes such comment as: "To the effective use by British diplomats of the great economic weapons, coal and oil, is largely attributable the accord which seems to have been reached rather suddenly at the San Remo conference. It is the new diplomacy into which oil is entering more and more as a factor as the British diplomats play the game." Lloyd George, in his talk to the Commons on April 29, tucked away in one sentence the vital decision. He said "There has been an agreement arrived at with the French with respect to oil distribution in Mosul."

When Bolshevik and British troops march into the new free state of Azerbaidjan, it is not alone to preserve the liberties of the happy little republic. They also come because Baku, on which they concentrate their regard, is the center of one of the largest oil fields in the world. The strange Caucasian deploys of British troops during the recent war puzzled simple-hearted military men, like General Maurice, who wished to defeat the German Army. But even in the midst of alarms, British policy saw a vaster struggle in the years to come, and obeyed the imperial instinct, so much stronger than mere blood-lust. When Admiral Fisher, one of the greatest sea dogs since Nelson, first said "Oil," men thought him mad. Was not England built on her bed of coal? Her commerce sailed to it; her world markets had been captured by it. Like most men of genius in action, Fisher has a style. He throws his full weight into words. He preached oil in his famous terse letters, fifty words long, till that rock of reaction, the Admiralty, smitten, flowed. Fisher says:

> "The oil engine . . . will revolutionize commerce and alter the whole art of sea war. I was dubbed an oil maniac when I was at the Admiralty in 1885. The internal combustion engine is as imperative for commerce as for war. I should build tramps to carry oil, with ever-improving combustion engines fitted in them . . . inexpensive vessels, more or less hulls to carry these experimental internal combustion engines. A few years hence we shall require a species of hippopotami, both for sea war and sea commerce."

Said Earl Curzon "The Allies floated to victory on a sea of oil." Walter Hume Long, First Lord of the British Admiralty, has said "If we secure the supplies of oil now available in the world we can do what we like." He warned the Institution of Petroleum Technologists that the Government would be blamed "for inaction at this moment of great national importance. We are on the threshold of tremendous opportunities, and the nation must take care to occupy the house, or others will take it and with it the key to all future success." An even franker statement is that of Sir E. MacKay Edgar, head of Spaling & Company, quoted in the Manchester *Guardian* of September, 1919:

> We hold in our hands the secure control of the future of the world's oil supply. We are sitting tight on what must soon become the lion's share of a raw material indispensable to every manufacturing country, intimately bound up with maritime power, and unobtainable in sufficient quantities outside the sphere of British influence. Before very long America will have to purchase from British companies. If the fall in the pound on the New York money market has not been stayed long before then, the British control of the greater part of the world's oil will not only suffice to arrest it, but will go a long way towards reestablishing the old exchange equilibrium.

At some points these words are the substance of things hoped for, rather than things sat upon tightly.

A representative American oil man summed up at the beginning of May the situation as he saw it. He said he admired the British; anybody would who watched them at work. Their political policy backed up their commercial policy—together, the two policies made their imperialism. Their fleet froze out any little nation that interfered with British investors. By a bloodless, friendly, but thorough blockade of necessary raw materials, they softened the governmental policy of the lesser breeds, till British business men had established themselves and were respected. The present Government of the United States, this business man lamented, did not back up its investors in other countries, and it was impossible to get a clear-cut policy from the State Department. The pressing need of expanding American business (particularly in oil) was, therefore, to come to a working basis with the State Department. Were not our investors, he asked, to be protected by that wise pressure which only a great Government could give? In the first years of the war, when British arms were busy at Ypres, a forth-reaching commercial-imperial policy from Washington could have thrown its hooks into Asia. Too late now. As soon as the Hun was held, British detachments began to make casual detours in the Caucasus and Asia, wherever their noses led them. Mexico, Russia, Central and South America, were still open for American exploitation. But they would not be in a few years, unless the Government and the investor worked together.

Such was the statement of the distinguished "oil magnate." There is much good information in it, without any pretense of injecting ethics into a matter of business.

It is roughly estimated that about 40 per cent of the known underground oil reserves in the United States have been exhausted. We are rapidly using up our oil supply. The Geological Survey estimates that only seven billion barrels are left in the United States and Alaska. At the present rate of consumption that would give us only 18 years before exhaustion. So we must discover other sources for oil, such as shales and other materials retortable by distillation, or camp on exploitable territory belonging to other people, or get along on less oil. There are 53 billion barrels of recoverable petroleum in the world (in addition to our seven billion). This supply is about equally divided between the old world and the new, the Americas having a total very close to that of the remaining continents. So the race is on.

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The trouble for American vessels is in the British-owned oiling stations dotted around the globe. An American tanker limps in on a thirsty boiler to a British base, and learns that they are regretfully out of supplies. Three hours later, a British tanker makes the sign of the indigent, and receives all the comforts of home. The British Government controls the Anglo-Persian Petroleum Company, and, by its selling control of products, controls the Royal Dutch Shell group of oil interests. In this way, the naval policy of the Admiralty and the commercial and industrial policy of business men are made into a unified imperial policy. It is this close alliance of Government and business which made Germany strong and tense. Any rudeness to a trader in a far country vibrated to the core of the nation. When business and government are thus tied together, there inevitably results this high nervous tension in the power-group at the center. Until there is international control and rationing of raw material, this competition of traders will continue, with danger, every once in so often, of war.

They Shall Not Pass

THERE is a certain irony in the fact that the admirable bill to provide relief from the injustice of British divorce law should have been done to death in large measure through the efforts of Lady Astor. Whether she likes it or not—and we suspect she does like it—Lady Astor is a woman; and the women of England have been forced to bear, or to circumvent, according to their means, gross injustices under the British divorce law. In an earnest, if rather incoherent speech, Lady Astor announced that the world was "too loose altogether" and in want of "tightening up." "In America," she said, as one who should know, "where States have easy divorce, I do not think that women have gained." Without any desire to appear personal or offensively patriotic, it appears to us that Lady Astor is hardly grateful to the institutions of her native land under which she herself so easily obtained a divorce. The divorce laws of the United States have contributed something to the advance of civilization if only by making it possible for the first woman member of Parliament to stand for election; an indirect contribution, perhaps, but one which Lady Astor would, we are sure, never belittle. So it seems ironical, if nothing more, that Lady Astor should have lent her influence to the "tightening up" of the chains that bind the men and women of England to injustice and unhappiness.

From the words of the opponents of the bill it would seem that the institution of marriage itself was on trial. The fact is, the bill was painstakingly moderate. It equalized the grounds for divorce for men and women; it added, as causes for divorce, desertion for three years, cruelty, insanity during five years, habitual drunkenness, and life imprisonment. Whether a new measure, still more moderate, will pass the present session is a matter of doubt.

It is interesting, with this in view, to consider the measure which has just become law in Sweden. Calmly, and with no apparent conviction of sin, the Swedish Parliament has adopted by generous majorities a bill quite remodeling and modernizing the marriage relation. The law is almost identical in its provisions with that before the Danish legislature and both are the result of a long investigation by a joint Scandinavian commission. The Swedish measure has been scantily reported in America; its practical counterpart in Denmark was summarized at length in our International Relations Section a few weeks ago. Its provisions are worth recalling. After assuring equality between men and women in their economic and legal status and responsibilities, and providing that a married woman may keep her maiden name, the law provides for legal separation on the mere request of both man and wife, or on the request of either "whenever the mutual good relations of the two may be said to have been destroyed." After a separation has been granted, a divorce may be had without further grounds if both persons request it, after a lapse of one year; if only one desires it, a two years' separation is required. Divorce is also granted to persons who have lived apart because of mutual disagreements for three years, for wilful desertion of two years, for disappearance for any cause for three years. Attempted murder of either party, unfaithfulness, bigamy, and exposure to venereal contagion are further grounds; as well as insanity for three years. If one person is sentenced to jail for two years the innocent husband or wife shall have a right to divorce. Persons who have both been unfaithful may receive a divorce upon request; the British farce of collusion being thus simply accepted and rendered harmless. Sweden makes the law coincide with the undeniable facts, instead of pretending that the facts fit the law—a British habit that has just been reaffirmed by action of Parliament.

"The chaste knot of nature is subject neither to the sovereign power, nor to paternal authority, but only to the authority of the common Father." So said the radical and experienced Rousseau. So, in other words, says the conservative and experienced Lady Astor. But both Lady Astor and Rousseau have been thought of as modernists, and certainly they may be considered expert witnesses. With such extremes of authority agreeing on their side, it is probable that the opponents of freedom feel that they have the support of the apostles of freedom themselves. They are likely to find, however, that the day of apostles has passed, and that the people themselves will choose their own way of life and conduct.

The Quakers' War Record

THE Quaker relief work in France has come to an end. With it ends one of the strangest chapters in the history of the war—the story of a thousand conscientious objectors who worked in wartime in the war zone, at the task of reconstruction, surrounded by soldiers of half a dozen armies.

The first English Quakers began work in France long before conscription was seriously considered in England; later their work was recognized by the military authorities as "alternative service." They went into the burned villages of the Marne valley in the autumn of 1914, first among the Anglo-Saxon relief agencies in France. When the Americans joined them in the summer of 1917, they were reaching out into the Somme, and the little wooden houses built in parts by Quaker hands in the Jura mountains and then shipped and put together, became a familiar sight east and west of Ham as well as from Vitry-le-François to Bar-le-Duc. With the builders went doctors and nurses, and farmers' sons to thresh wheat and repair farm machinery when no other male hands were available—living within a few miles of the lines, traveling with military passes, known to the military authorities as out-and-out pacifists, yet

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never having friction with them as they did their work.

When the war ended, the Quakers stayed on. So deeply had some of them grown into the life of the district of Verdun, where their work was concentrated after the armistice, that it was with difficulty that the home offices of the Friends persuaded them that other fields had greater need. More than a hundred Quakers are still engaged in relief work in Eastern Europe. Thirty are in Poland, chiefly engaged in the cheerful task of de-lousing and anti-typhus sanitation—three of the workers who deliberately took the risk have died of the disease. A larger group is in Austria, where the Quakers maintain a herd of 270 cows to provide milk for starving children; still another group is in Serbia; two have just reached Petrograd with a cargo of relief supplies; and others are in Germany, supervising the distribution of food to children. One of the workers is a German who served with the Quakers as a German prisoner in France, and later rejoined them as a volunteer in Berlin; one of the staff at Vienna is a Dutch girl who helped in the Quaker camps for Belgian refugees in her home country during the war. The Friends' maternity hospital at Chalons-sur-Marne, where more than a thousand babies were born during the war, is now endowed as the official maternity hospital of the Department of the Marne.

It is a record to be proud of—not alone because of the number of houses built, children fed, or patients tended, but chiefly because of the friendly spirit in which the work has been done. When the Quakers asked the Russian prisoners in France to help them, these men who had refused to work under French officers asked first to see the Quakers' hands, and after feeling the callouses agreed to help. There is none of the bravado of soft-handed charity in this, nor the pride of diplomatic officialdom; yet here is the very spirit without which the inter-class and international gulfs which yawn so wide today cannot be bridged.

Industrial Peace Without Victory

THE war for the recognition of the union as a legitimate partner in the nation's industry is not yet half won. Steel, oil, rubber, textiles—these great basic products, among others, are still under the virtually unlimited control of industrial autocrats. Even in realms where the economic power of labor has been well organized, such as coal, railroads, and clothing, its legal status is by no means secure, and the unions are subject to constant legislative and judicial attack. The realities of this situation rudely paraded themselves at the President's first Industrial Conference. It proved impossible to arrange an armistice on the basis of collective bargaining with authentic unions, because the great employers were not ready to rest on their arms. Since then the heavy artillery has been thundering more incessantly than ever. Into the wrack and ruin of this battle comes the small voice of the new Industrial Conference, asking the belligerents to substitute negotiation for contention. It proposes a machinery for adjustment, tactfully avoiding the main issues of the war. And the answer of the embattled armies is just the same as was the answer of Europe to President Wilson's call for peace without victory. Neither side will trust its fortunes to a league of peace until it has established its supremacy in the field.

It is fruitless to declare that "the public"—whatever we may happen to mean by that term—must enforce peace against the will of both belligerents. During the war with Germany our Government did maintain a semblance of industrial peace, but it was enabled to do so on account of the economic power it then possessed. Through its control of credit and its vast purchases, it could speak with a commanding voice to business and producer. Now this power has been dissipated, and neither legal edict nor "public opinion" can be a substitute. Until unions are everywhere recognized, nation-wide conciliation is impossible. Big business will not recognize unions until labor punishes it into doing so. The only way neutrals can be effective in such a situation is by becoming belligerents on one side or the other. Do we wish unions destroyed and labor reduced to subjection? Then we may oppose strikes and agitation, and favor every suppression of civil liberties. Do we wish the collective power of workmen to be secured and extended? Then we must help to keep the way clear for its advance. To attach much importance to machinery of adjustment apart from this irrepressible conflict is to give innocent aid to whichever party happens to be for the moment in a position to control such machinery.

So much for the potentialities of the report of the second Industrial Conference. Academically, however, it has raised at least one vital question, by its recommendation of "employee representation" in the form of shop committees, works committees, and industrial councils. To this section of the report Mr. Gompers applied his most severe condemnation. As everyone knows, many large employers in their effort to forestall and defeat the genuine unions, have established "company unions," that is, representation of their own employees regardless of union affiliation, and segregated from the general labor movement. Workers object to such devices, for the representatives are often handpicked, they are too dependent on the immediate employer to be anything but docile, and they rarely win real concessions. Just on account of these faults, however, the labor movement has little to fear from them in the long run. Again and again, workers disappointed in the achievements of "company unions" have flocked to the genuine labor movement. The steel strike of last fall was actually strongest in plants where such organizations had existed.

Yet the Conference pointed out that shop committees sometimes exist as integral parts of genuine union machinery, and that in such cases they are invaluable in making minor adjustments, in protecting the interests of the workers, and in establishing some relation between the labor movement and the problems of production. We suspect that it was this suggestion which really aroused Mr. Gompers's ire. For the Conference might have added that such committees also act as powerful impulses to substitute industrial for craft unionism, and that they strengthen all the democratic and aggressive forces in the union as against the vested interests of the old, autocratic type of union official. The "unauthorized" strikes led by the shop-stewards of England during the war were examples of this revolt of the rank and file through shop organization, and similar revolts have frequently arisen in America, notably on the railroads. To Mr. Gompers, such movements are an intolerable menace to labor solidarity, for to him solidarity implies unquestioning obedience to the higher officials. The Conference unwittingly touched the most sensitive nerve of official labor in emphasizing this issue. But in recommending genuine employee representation the Conference was right, and has helped to clarify the situation.

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Hoover and Johnson: West Is West

By MARY AUSTIN

IT is probably more than a coincidence that two of the favored Presidential candidates of this year are Californians. Being a Californian is a state of mind. Among the many differences of manner that distinguish citizens of the Pacific Coast from those of the Atlantic, there is one which is generic.

Says the East, judiciously: "That has never been done before; better not try it."

Says the joyful West: "That has never been done before; let's try it!"

Herbert Hoover has lived further west than Hiram Johnson, so far west that he actually comes to us from the East, without abating anything of his essentially western experimental attitude. At this point all resemblance ceases.

I recall Herbert Hoover emerging, in the Red House in Hornton Street, from the obscurity of my acquaintance with him as the husband of his wife, in response to my demand for tales and still more tales of his engineering experience in far-called quarters of the earth. The exact moment of his emergence as a personality is so identified in my mind with another experience that to this day I think of them as having occurred together: my first view of the great mogul engines that carry the Overland trains over the Tehachappi grades, gliding, ruthless, and mysterious with controlled power. A year or two later I began to know Hiram Johnson, knee-deep in the occasions which called him to public life, working like a steam dredger in the Sacramento sloughs.

Everybody likes to watch a dredger. There is a preliminary rattle, a slow swing of the huge mechanism into place, a swift drop, a gurgle of the surprised, muddy earth, and a ton or so of misplaced matter is deftly relegated to the place where it will least obstruct progress. Hiram was occupied just then in dredging the Southern Pacific Railroad out of California politics, and it was his capacity for keeping up that steady lift and drop in all weathers that did the business.

A steam dredge is a more understandable piece of mechanism than a mogul engine, both for the people who look on and for those who work it. Its operations are simply those of a man with a shovel raised to the *n*th power, and performed in the open. Which accounts largely for the popularity of Hiram Johnson with the shovel-wielding class. But the mechanism of a mogul is inside. Millions of people are no nearer to Hoover than the delighted sensation of being whisked around Europe in his train. A simpler way of saying it is that Johnson represents the average achievement of the West, and Hoover represents its romantic idealism. This, I am aware, is not the popular view. What the average citizen thinks he admires in Hoover is the quality of his achievement. Actually this is the thing he knows least about.

Hoover is a genius. He works, he scarcely knows how, by intuitions, by lightning flashes of certainty which he has the greatest difficulty in rationalizing until afterward. He does things which at the moment appear to be utterly aside from his objective, and later turn out to be short cuts of superlative ingenuity. And he does things by methods which would, to hear described in terms of the average intelligence, drop his average admirers far behind him in a state of indignant bewilderment.

The truth is that all the average Hoover booster has ever seen of Hoover is the streak he makes across the landscape, the meteoric shower of sparks, the thunder and the quiver of his speed. This is said with intention to prepare the average citizen against inevitable periods of disillusionment, should he succeed in making Hoover President. Deprived of the emotional and dramatic background of the war against which he has operated, slowed down to the traffic regulations of peace, there is much about Herbert Hoover which will puzzle and disappoint. Hoover himself knows this as far as it is possible for a temperamental Quaker to know anything about himself. It is this perception of his own unaccountability which is responsible for what his political opponents describe as "pussyfooting."

Hoover has high capacity and high intention, but he has no card index method of procedure. He is an artist in affairs, who knows by experience that the saving inspiration, the flash of knowledge, has always come at demand and comes only on demand. This is the law of the operation of genius; the Way opens out only under pressure of the Need of a Way. Coriolanus, showing his scars in the Roman Forum, was not a more uneasy figure than Herbert Hoover trying to explain beforehand how he would act in a given national crisis, supposing that crisis should arise.

With Hiram Johnson no such need of explanation exists. He moves from point to point of his career by the logic of the situation; the next shovelful of earth and the next. With integrity of spirit unclouded by temperament, he built up an orderly record of social betterment during his terms of public office.

It is unlikely that Hiram Johnson was personally responsible for all the progressive measures which were developed during his terms of public service, but they can be stated as the sort of thing that did develop as an index to the sort of interest he had. A workman's compensation act was put into effect; a system of mother's allowance was created; the juvenile court improved. Legislation limiting and protecting the labor of women and children was enacted. A Commission of Immigration and Housing resulted in California's having the model labor camp of the country. The personal accompaniment of all this was not corruscating as Hoover's work has been, but it presented a steady grace of nobility and humor. Humanly speaking, two of the most trying incidents ever afforded to a public official were faced by Hiram Johnson; the incident of his own father taking the stump against him with all the bitterness of the thwarted parent, and the earliest public and pertinaciously active participation of women in practical politics. It is no small credit to his humaneness that Johnson carried off both these episodes with dignity and success.

But notwithstanding this success in the common medium of political exchange, the Johnsonites are none the less liable to disillusionment should they elect him President. Hiram's ability to state his case in terms of the average thought is misleading both to his friends and his opposers. To the eye of political prejudice his obvious lending of himself to the phraseology of popular clamor appears as insincerity.

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Their indignation—and how indignant other people's insincerity always makes us!—obscures for them the more important item that if Johnson's present flowering into demagoguery is assumed, it at least implies a capacity on his part for knowing that the actual objective of social progress is rather different from what the crowd supposes it. It is safe betting that Senator Johnson knows that the people do not always want what they think they want. At the same time, by clothing his thought in the phraseology of the soapbox, Johnson gives the impression that he has exhausted his own fund of social expedients. Certainly he offers nothing in this campaign but the well-thumbed measures of the average progressive—materially progressive—outlook. The figure of the steam dredge holds. The machinery clanks and there is undoubted shift and replacement of political matter; but there is no constructive social engineering evident.

Because of his familiarity with the lower strata of political unrest, a familiarity which may be too much paraded to do the Senator complete justice, there is a disposition on the part of Big Business to consider Johnson unsafe: unsafe, that is, for the conduct of their interests. On the other hand, because Herbert Hoover has shown himself capable of playing at Big Business on his own account, they think of him—except for his intractability—as safer.

I venture to suggest, on a personal estimate, that they are mistaken in both premises. Johnson is eminently safe because he is understandable. It is true his judgments run closer to the ground than those of the usual machine candidate. But their direction is known, their objective easily calculable; their operation is as candid as the California sun. If Big Business possessed the rudiments of social intelligence, which it apparently doesn't, it could go along with Johnson in a state of modified but easy stability as far as he cares to go. For nothing seems so clear as that Johnson will not go as far as the radicals expect of him. No one who knew Hiram Johnson ten or fifteen years ago can look at his array of backers, or the quality of his publicity, without suspecting that much of his reputed radicalism is spoof. The radical mind is not really in sympathy with this business—which is the best we know of Johnson—of lifting one shovelful of mud out of the way, and another, and another, so clearing a passage for deep-drawing liberties. Your true Bolshevist wants to walk on the water. Johnson has neither the folly to make such an attempt nor the faith to work such a miracle. Consequently, if Johnson is elected, at the very hour when Big Business is grinding its teeth at him like a movie conspirator, you may expect a Red clamor of accusation that he has sat down in sight of the Promised Land to play "keeps" with Wall Street.

It is no part of the writer's duty to lift responsibility from the voter by deciding whether or not this is a desirable alignment of affairs. It is important to me only to take the measure of men, to accurately predict the fall of events; so that I may be on hand at the proper moment to write a novel about it. It must be left to the individual citizen to determine whether or not Herbert Hoover's political unaccountability should be esteemed dangerous. The difficulty about this Quaker habit of his, of not getting into action until the Spirit moves him, is that you never know in which direction the Spirit is going to move. In the state of simple unacquaintance with the American social trend, in which he returned to us three years ago, dangerous would have been the word.

By the incident of the war, and his method of meeting it, Hoover has been presented to his country as perhaps the ablest administrator since Cæsar, but wholly in the Cæsarian manner, with all the reins in his hands, and as an administrator of *things*. It is true that he has something of the Napoleonic quality of attaching men to himself in the personal relation. Seven out of ten men who work with Hoover become his permanent press agents, and the other three have to compromise with grudges on the ground that Hoover is one of those men about whom it is difficult to tell the truth by stating the facts. His own method is rather, when he has found what he believes to be the truth, to put the facts to school to it. Is it not the most significant thing I can say about him that, after fifteen years of friendly interchange of ideas, I find myself unable to take his measure with absolute confidence, feel myself still open to the possibility of making mistakes about him?

Unquestionably his will is to service. For several years before the war he made repeated attempts toward such connections with his native land as would enable it to realize him as an asset, attempts of which his native and boyishly idealized land remained magnificently unaware. Having now attained that connection, he puts aside the opportunity to consolidate his position in the usual political manner, to practice himself openly in the art of public communication. Quite visibly in all Hoover's utterances can be traced his process of becoming acquainted with the United States, his extraordinary faculty for getting the social sense of things by absorption, and his struggle with the art of expressing himself in words. And in this struggle he displays the method which lays him open to the charge of being an autocrat, which is the method of genius. I do not mean to say that Hoover's conduct of the Food Administration did not legitimately give rise to the suspicion that his idea of cooperation was for everybody to get together and do just as he told them. All his experience with men has been in the relation of the boss, the employer, the Great Chief. Temperamentally he is perhaps the latest of the Great Chiefs along with Cæsar and Wellington and Sir William Wallace, with and for whom men quite happily died. And it is within possibility that he may turn out to be among the prophets whom men kill.

In the face of all the circumstances, I venture to assert that Hoover's genius is not for the administration of things. I find him, in action, spendthrift of things. He is a man in travail with an idea, reaching out now to set the things around him in order, to clear a space for the working of his idea; and now shrugging them impatiently aside, careless whether they fall in this heap or that. If the middlemen complain that he concedes the farmers too much and the farmers accuse him of favoring the packers, they might both prove their case without seriously disturbing Hoover. Because, as I understand him, Hoover does not believe we shall bring our American dream to pass by squabbling all the time about who shall have what. He has turned his back on socialism, on all measures of purely mechanical change of our economic constitution, not with any rage of extirpation—so far as he concerns himself with these things he believes the evil in them is self-extirpating—to follow the deep, intuitive, prepossession of the American people. It is Hoover's belief, as it was once ours, that self-government means the release of the personal drive: liberty to perfect the technique of action. What we want is not a better inhibition, but a better initiative. Law making and

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policing are relatively futile in the presence of working power.

For a long time Hoover has sat at the focal point where he has seen men on one side snatching purposeless heaps of wealth, and on the other letting it go in lavish and ill-directed giving. He sees the remedy for these things not as Johnson sees it, in a rearrangement of men as units of a political situation, but in the reinvestment of our working power in vital issues of happiness and success.

Something like this, I think, is what Hoover is trying to express without using any of the phrases of the political propagandist. He does not even avail himself of the short cuts of group appeal in which Hiram Johnson is expert. And in choosing thus to make his own path to the American understanding, there is loss of clearness. Probably we should be much better satisfied with Hoover's demonstrations than his explanations. The question is whether or not we are sufficiently sophisticated as a nation to get along with a President in the making. It has been our practice to take a made man, one whose possibilities are rounding out toward the finish. With the result of occasionally finding ourselves with a Chief Executive so nearly finished that he has not enough resiliency left to meet the surprise which the most peaceful four years sometimes holds in store for us.

Unquestionably Hiram Johnson is the better experienced in the handling of men in groups; but it must not be forgotten that it is no part of our original Americanism that we should ever fall into groups of opposing interests. It may be that the call of Hoover to our individual understanding may finally recall us to what Theodore Roosevelt used to describe as the "realizable American ideal."

The Farmers' Movement in Western Canada

By H. D. RANNS

THE last of the three great western provincial conventions of the farmers' movement has concluded its sessions. The Manitoba convention at Brandon was the first, then Alberta farmers met at Calgary, and later the Saskatchewan Grain Growers assembled at Saskatoon. All three conventions were of first-rate importance and were curiously and critically watched from one end of the Dominion to the other. Today the farmer—and especially the western farmer—is the most talked-of man in Canada. Without a shadow of a doubt he holds the future of the country in his hands. And those who sit in high places are beginning to realize it. The present current, setting strongly toward the Farmers'—or preferably the National—Party is as decided as the companion movement in England toward the Labor Party.

Consequently, when these same farmers meet, 2,000 strong, in each of the three great prairie provinces, their doings are likely to arouse attention. At Saskatoon the Canadian Associated Press had its best political reporter on the job and he was kept busy. The unofficial personal agent of one of the most restless and ambitious politicians of the Dominion, who is anxious not to "stay put," was present at the gatherings, a close observer of proceedings.

The Alberta convention was by far the most radical. In fact, if any of the farmers' organizations can be said to be class conscious and desiring class domination, the decisions of the Alberta organization have laid it most open to the description, for the Alberta farmers laid down the policy of the "closed door," making the organization strictly a farmers' association. On the other hand, Manitoba remains the most conservative of the three organizations.

Take it as you will, observers who were present at all three conventions and who have no axe to grind, say that the average intelligence of the delegates was highest in Manitoba, with Saskatchewan next and Alberta lowest. Which is not to say that the radical is wrong and the conservative right, by any manner of means. The only thing that can safely be said is that the radical in the farmers' ranks makes it harder for the rest to combat the specious argument of the politicians of the "great historic parties" to the effect that the whole movement is dominated by class consciousness.

While Alberta has virtually closed her organization to all but farmers, in both Manitoba and Saskatchewan membership in the locals is freely open to all who wish to see the aims of the association realized. In the past these aims have been largely economic and educational, making for the improvement of rural life and the obtaining of a square deal for the farmer in his business with the great transportation and elevator concerns. In these aims others than farmers were vitally concerned. In an agrarian country like western Canada every man jack of us—soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, banker, preacher, teacher—stands or falls with the farmer. Rural teachers and preachers, in particular, felt that the farmers' aims were their aims, too, and many of them lent their influence, joining the locals and helping the work. Thus, this year, as in other recent years, at both Manitoba and Saskatchewan conventions, there was a good sprinkling of teachers and preachers.

Everybody knows that the farmers are committed to action in the federal field of politics. They form the nucleus of the new National Party, whose platform, formulated by the Canadian Council of Agriculture, is designed to form a rallying-point for all classes not contented with the present old-line political parties. In the West at least—and in many places in the East too—this platform is strongly supported by the most influential dailies, the press being negligible on which the Union Government can now rely. But, heretofore, except in Alberta, the farmers as an organized force had left the provincial field alone. The advice of Mr. Crerar and others of their leaders was: "One thing at a time. Finish the Federal first." Moreover, it could not be said that there was the same need for action in the provincial as in the federal field. Farmers themselves form the large majority of the members of western legislatures. In Manitoba the Premier, T. C. Norris, is a working farmer, which is also true of Premier Stewart of Alberta, while in Saskatchewan three members of the Government, George Langley, T. A. Dunning, and S. J. Latta, are prominent members of the Grain Growers.

This was the party policy prior to this year's conventions. It is different now. The question of provincial action was one of the matters most fiercely fought at the conventions. In Manitoba, after a prolonged debate, the con-

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vention decided not to enter the provincial field as an organized body. The personal influence of Premier Norris, and the general satisfaction with his Government, contributed to this result. Since the convention, however, the farmers in certain constituencies have decided to bring out their own candidates. How far that tendency will go cannot be foreseen.

In Saskatchewan a medium policy was adopted. It was decided to leave it to the central association to draft a political platform on which provincial action could be taken and to present this to next year's convention. The secretary, J. B. Musselman, has announced that the executive is already at work on this platform. The press favorable to Premier Martin promptly announced: "Farmers shelve provincial action," while the anti-Government press shrieked: "Farmers to enter the provincial field!"

In Alberta the United Farmers are committed as an organization to both provincial and federal action. They have, under the personal dominance of President H. W. Wood, declared themselves for what they call "group" action as farmers, though they expressly disclaim desire for class legislation. It is safe to say that their disclaimer will meet with a certain amount of suspicion, to put it mildly.

All the conventions served to show that the farmers are alert and eager to play their part in the life of Canada. The largest class numerically, they refuse any longer to be governed by lawyers. The leaders of the movement are men of fine character and genuine public spirit. In Mr. Crerar the farmers have a man who will command confidence. When he was Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, Mr. Crerar was a trifle too frank at times for his colleagues. He is not diplomatic, but direct. That is one reason why he is an idol of the farmers. Other men and women, men and women of the cities, will unquestionably admire that as much as the farmer. He is the very heart and center of the farmers' movement, and if the cause ever splits on the "class" rock, it will not be Mr. Crerar's fault. Neither will it be the fault of men like J. A. Maharg and J. B. Musselman of Saskatchewan, W. R. Wood of Manitoba, G. F. Chipman of the *Guide*, and Mr. Lambert of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. There is great hope for the farmers' cause—the people's cause—when it follows such leaders.

Milk and Motor Cars

By HOWARD DYKEMA ROELOFS

IN the census year of 1899 there was a production of milk in the United States equivalent to 97.3 gallons per capita. At that time we manufactured 3,723 pleasure automobiles a year. In 1909 the number of motor cars had jumped to 121,868; the production of milk had dropped to 82.5 gallons per capita. The census figures for 1919 are not yet available, but for the five year period ending in 1914 official estimates show the same tendency continuing. In that year we built 543,679 pleasure cars; we produced 76.1 gallons of milk per capita.

The arresting fact in these figures is not the gigantic increase in the number of motor cars built. It is that while the army of workers implied in these figures were being organized and trained in this new and non-essential industry, the most vital industry in the land, the production of milk, suffered a socially disastrous decline. We acclaim as a signal sign of prosperity an increase in automobile production of 3,173% in ten years; while not even governmental commissions investigating the increasing cost of milk to the consumer seem to know that in that same period the available supply of milk per capita decreased 15.2 per cent. This rate, continuing in the next five years, brought a total decrease of 21.8 per cent.

The volume of complaint in farmers' papers over troubles, labor and financial, in present-day dairying is to be matched only by the agitation in cities over the high price of milk. Milk commissions, investigations, laws appear in endless procession. Vital social need for milk, in the face of price, making needful consumption impossible, sees only the price, and voices persistent charges of extortionate profits somewhere in the industry. There is no such clamor over the prices of automobiles. No one investigates the profits of the manufacturers. Instead of strikes by the workers, we have one manufacturer distributing ten million dollars to ninety thousand employees as a bonus over and above a minimum wage of five dollars a day. Yet no serious person can fail to discover after only slight investigation that whatever profits there are in milk, they are nothing to those in the motor car industry. The causes of this situation are to be found in the psychology as well as in the pocketbooks of the consuming public. The differing attitude taken by the public toward these two industries is both the result and the demonstration of the luxury character of the one and the basic necessity of the other. The situation demonstrates that among the factors controlling the distribution of industry, and through it, production, the vital needs of the community do not hold effective place.

How vital milk is, is being rapidly demonstrated in the serious results of the sharp decline in its consumption. Social workers are giving eloquent testimony to alarming malnutrition among the children of the poor, in consequence of the almost complete disappearance of milk and butter from their diet. The most recent researches of science tell us of that mysterious necessity to human growth and well-being, the fat-soluble "A," found most abundantly, and most available for human use, in milk. To meet this need we had a milk production in 1914 of 76.1 gallons per capita: 304 quarts to supply one person for a year with milk, cream, butter, cheese. The writer, with personal experience in production as well as consumption of milk, finds that the record for his family of four persons, one being a young child, where the amount consumed was determined directly by need, was 3,600 quarts, or 900 quarts per person per year. Nine hundred quarts *needed;* 300 quarts the supply.

The only possible solution is in the field of production. Futile as are our present public efforts to meet the situation, the mere fact that we have governmental commissions investigating prices and distribution, shows that the community recognizes and *accepts* responsibility for supplying all its members with milk, and, by implication, were similar direct evidence lacking, all other things necessary to life and health. With the acceptance of this principle comes a primary communal responsibility to obtain an industrial organization which before all else shall produce the necessi-

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ties of life in quantities adequate to the needs—not "economic demand," but *needs*—of every individual.

Our present organization is just the reverse. The distribution of industry is determined by the so-called law of supply and demand. The end sought is profit. Current discussion, similarly, is in terms not of the production and consumption of goods, but the production and distribution of wealth. Yet a man does not stay his hunger with dollars, nor clothe himself with profit-sharing certificates. Bread and meat, all-wool clothes—it is the production of these specific forms of wealth which constitutes the crux of our economic problem. The law of supply and demand takes no account of the necessities of life as such. Demand means purchasing power. Supply meets only such demand as brings with it profit. The primary direction in which any individual's demand is exercised, is controlled by his needs, real or fancied; but the effectiveness of his demand is limited by his purchasing power. It follows that where there is an unequal distribution of wealth, such as we have today, with a few having much and the many little, by the simple process of outbidding, those who have much draw production away from supplying the necessities of all toward supplying first the necessities of those few, and then their luxuries.

Five million children, according to recent press notices, are suffering in this country from undernourishment, due to the semi-poverty of their parents. In terms of wealth we all know that this means some parents are getting dollars which might better go to the parents of the five million. But in terms of goods it does not mean that there are five million children, more or less, who are eating bread and milk in quantities over and above their own needs sufficient to feed the starving five million. It means rather that there are men and materials devoted to the production of all sorts of *accessories* of living that must be brought to the production of necessities—bread and milk in large measure—before these children can be fed.

Herein consists the fundamental weakness of the redistribution-of-wealth solution of our economic difficulties. It assumes that we are now producing the goods required, so that it is exclusively a matter of distribution to supply the needs of all. Our actual productive organization is rather that of a pyramid poised on its point.

To fulfill its responsibility the community must exercise direct control over the distribution of industry, over the entire field of production. This means neither that the state must own and operate vital industries nor that it must not. That is a question of method the answer to which is and will remain a constant experiment. But a new attitude toward industry is essential. In place of our present isolated and hence endless regulations and restrictions, we must recognize that industry as the product of the community should be first of all its servant, should be organized not for private profit, but to supply the common needs. We now have large bodies of workers and huge organizations of material coördinated for the production of goods whose chief justification is their profitableness, and whose place in a society devoted to the maintaining of a fair standard of living for all its members varies from the problematical to the impossible. The new attitude towards industry calls for a *priority list of industries in the interest of peaceful living.*

The Land Policy of Soviet Russia

By WILLIAM W. DAMBIT

THE solution of the land question is of primary importance to Soviet Russia. Before the Revolution the land privileges then existing, embodied in the vast landed possessions of the nobility, appanage, monasteries, and churches, dominated economically the rural population. The masses of the peasants, who make up a large majority of the Russian nation and without whose support no Russian government can survive, demanded the expropriation of the great landed property and the increase of their land allotments. On the other hand, the socialist regime required for its success the gradual socialization of agriculture—a process quite contrary to the private husbandry of the peasants. The soviet regime, therefore, had before it three main tasks in the land question: to abolish entirely the land privileges of the great landowners, to satisfy the individualistic demands of the peasants, and to start and carry on the socialization of agriculture.

Accordingly, the earliest soviet land decrees, of November 7, 1917, and of January 27, 1918, ordered the expropriation of the estates of the nobility, appanage, monasteries, and churches, thus establishing in 1918 a National Land Reserve of 15,800,000 dessiatines, of which 12,800,000 were distributed for the private use of the peasants, though the ownership remained with the state. The prerevolutionary land allotments of the peasants remained in their possession. The Soviet Government had left at its disposal 3,000,000 dessiatines, mainly the large modern holdings of the former landlords, the estates utilized for technical agricultural enterprises, and the lands with mineral deposits.

After this first stage of the agrarian revolution the Soviet Government in the first half of 1918 made the first attempts at agricultural socialization. From the very beginning this work fell in two main divisions: the organization of soviet estates and the promotion of agricultural communes and of other collective agricultural enterprises not under state control. In August, 1918, the Peoples Commissariat of Agriculture published some principles and by-laws on the organization of communes, and on November 2 of the same year the Government by a decree created a fund of one billion rubles for loans to collective agricultural enterprises.

In 1918 this work was still in a state of confusion. The unique policy of socialist land organization was established early in 1919 by several important land decrees, of which the fundamental one is the land law promulgated on February 14, 1919. This law declares once more that all land is the property of the state, administered by the Peoples Commissariat of Agriculture, provincial and county land departments, and other government bodies. The peasants' land remains in their use, all the undistributed land of the land reserve is excluded from private use and placed at the disposal of the state. The soviet estates are operated by the state, producing exclusively for its needs and employing only state laborers, preferably organized workers from the

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cities. The administrative and technical affairs of each estate are conducted by a specialist or a board appointed by the government authorities, a labor committee having the right of controlling the economic and sanitary life of the laborers.

The estates are supposed to be scientifically arranged model agricultural enterprises of the highest possible productivity; undertaking such agricultural and industrial activities as dairies, stock-farms, vineyards, wine presses, tea, tobacco, and beet plantations; and equipped with experimental fields, agricultural schools and exhibitions, libraries and museums. The purpose of the scheme is to make the soviet estates serve as large agricultural centers for the benefit and instruction of the peasants.

The agricultural communes are collective enterprises voluntarily organized by a group of producers from their individual land allotments and the equipments of their households, or from lands and inventories placed at their disposal by the soviet authorities; the communes are operated primarily for the needs of their participants on the basis of an equal collective application of their labor and communal consumption of the products.

Collective cultivation of land means, in the law, collective tillage, manuring, sowing, and harvesting of lands by a whole village community or a part of its members, who for that purpose combine in partnerships, sharing in the collective work with their own labor, inventories, and working animals, or with an inventory owned solely by the partnership. Village lands not allotted to individual households are marked out for collective cultivation as well as private plots whose holders are not able to till them and lands assigned for that purpose by the soviet authorities from the land reserve.

Both the communes and the partnerships of collective cultivation are to be managed by committees elected by the group; however, they have to submit themselves to certain definite plans of work prescribed by the land departments, in order that a proper use of the means of production granted them by the Government may be insured.

From the annual yield of the communes or of the partnerships their own collective needs are first satisfied, and in the case of the partnerships a certain amount is distributed for the individual use of the partners. The surplus must be delivered to the soviet food-supply authorities in exchange for money loans and other things received from the Government for the operation of the enterprises, or in payment of taxes and other public duties. The Peoples Commissariat of Agriculture is urged by the same law to provide for the communes and in general for the collective agricultural associations money loans, seeds, inventories, agronomic aid, and every possible assistance.

A supplementary soviet decree of February 23, 1919, makes definite regulations regarding the award of the loans from the billion ruble fund mentioned above. The administration of the fund is to be in the hands of a special central committee under the authority of the Commissariat of Agriculture, and of local committees with the land departments. The loans are awarded in money, agricultural implements, artificial manure, and other supplies, and are repayable in products without any accrued interest charges, except in cases when for a delay in the repayment a fine of one per cent a month is charged. The receivers of the loans must obey in the operation of their enterprises definite rules worked out by the land departments and intended as a guaranty of a productive application of the aid received.

The soviet authorities and economists ascribe great importance to each form of collective agriculture. The soviet estates are conceived as the basis of a complete socialization of agriculture on a national scale. The communes are also supposed in the course of time to become nationalized enterprises; while the collective cultivation of land is regarded as a means of training the peasants in agricultural collectivism and of paving the way for ultimate combination in communes. In this conception both the communes and the partnerships for collective cultivation constitute only temporary, transitory economic organizations leading finally to the complete nationalization of agriculture.

It was inevitable that the efforts of the Soviet Government to socialize agriculture together with the nationalization of education should have led to the nationalization of agronomic instruction and of the labor of agricultural specialists, whose knowledge was greatly needed by the soviet estates and other collective agricultural enterprises. The agricultural educational institutions were already nationalized in 1918 and were free to all. By a decree of February 12, 1919, the agricultural experiment stations were taken over by the state. On January 30, 1919, the Soviet Government ordered a state-wide registration of all kinds of agricultural specialists and on March 20 of the same year called them from twelve soviet provinces into the services of the state.

It is important to note that the Soviet Government in its efforts to collectivize the private enterprises of the peasants has not adopted or employed compulsory methods. The first agricultural communes, in 1918, were started quite voluntarily by groups of the poorest peasants to help themselves by cooperation to survive the economic crisis and the scarcity of agricultural implements. Likewise the fundamental land law outlined here conceives the communes and agricultural partnerships as voluntary organizations. There are other conspicuous evidences to the same effect. Kuraev, a prominent member of the Commissariat of Agriculture, at a government conference on socialist land organization in March, 1919, asserts: "We must influence the peasants by example, conviction; but in the work of the collectivization of agriculture by no means resort to force." And Lenin, the head of the Soviet Government, at the eighth congress of the Communist Party of Russia, made the following statements: "There is no greater stupidity than the mere thought of compulsion in the field of the economic relations of the middle peasants. . . . We must convince the peasants, and convince them by example. . . . It is necessary, first of all, to prove that such a collectivization is better, that it is profitable." To the same effect the congress demanded in a comprehensive agrarian resolution a mild policy in collecting taxes from the poorer peasants; a system of distributing to them agricultural machinery, seeds, artificial manure, improved breeds of cattle; the establishment of a rural credit system; the promotion of home industries; and a number of other economic measures. This resolution embodies the real soviet policy in this question, as the Communist Party has been the determining political factor in the work of the Soviet Government.

This conciliatory attitude is due mainly to two circumstances. First, in matters of agricultural socialization the application of any compulsion to the peasants—the majority of the people—would be ineffective and ridiculous. Second, the soviet authorities hold to the view that collective agri-

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culture is, in respect of efficiency and productivity, superior to the small individual agricultural homesteads of the peasants and that the practical demonstration of the superiority of the soviet estates and communes before the eyes of the peasants, will stimulate them to combine gradually in partnerships of collective cultivation of land.

In pursuance of the principles and methods outlined in the foregoing, the Soviet Government during 1919 has organized many new soviet estates and promoted the organization of agricultural communes. The cultivated territory of the estates, numbering 2,524, comprised a little short of 1,000,000 dessiatines, of which the whole annual produce, estimated in money, amounted to 843,000,000 rubles; it is intended to increase this territory in 1920 to 2,000,000 dessiatines. Some inference as to the growth of the communes may be drawn from the respective data available for the provinces of Petrograd, Novgorod, Vitebsk, Mohilev, Tula, Kaluga, and Orel, where in the middle of 1919 there were in existence 1,360 communes with a land area of 179,000 dessiatines.

In view of the vast agricultural area of Soviet Russia, these results, no doubt, are not extensive. Yet this comparatively slow process by no means indicates a failure of the methods employed. The war created some extremely unfavorable conditions which temporarily have handicapped a more rapid socialization of Russian agriculture. The material resources of the Soviet Republic had to be devoted to the prosecution of the war forced upon the country. On that account, and on account of the blockade, the worn out agricultural implements, particularly agricultural machinery, could not be repaired in sufficient quantity or replaced by new ones. The live stock was largely reduced in number for the needs of the war. Hundreds of thousands of the most skilled laborers were withdrawn from agriculture to serve in the army. Under such conditions the Soviet Government was able to realize only to a very limited extent its plans for the socialization of agriculture, since the essential prerequisite for an efficient operation of the soviet estates and agricultural communes is a plentiful supply of labor and of live stock, and the possibility of applying modern technical methods.

The end of the war and the resumption of normal commercial relations between Russia and the outside world, removing most of those handicaps, will presumably enable the Soviet Government to proceed with the socialization of agriculture on a larger scale.

A Nonpartisan League for the South

By OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

THE Nonpartisan League of the Northwest encourages the cotton producers of the South, and the Southerners are themselves bent upon making a record similar to that of the producers of the Northwest. A younger movement, identical in motive and objective, is rapidly spreading throughout the South, taking compact form in an organization called the American Cotton Association, consisting of farmers, bankers, and business men, united for the purpose of doing battle against the vicious system of single-crop agriculture and its resulting economic servitude to a financial oligarchy resident almost wholly outside the South.

That such an oligarchy thrives upon the poverty of the cotton producer has long been known by its victims. The exploitation of the farmers of the South through the forced sale of their yearly production of cotton at unprofitable prices has continued for two generations. Under this system the farmer has always been merely the producer of his crop, never its true marketer.

It will naturally be asked why the South did not long ago abandon this vicious system of single-crop agriculture with its inevitable loss of economic freedom and prosperity. The answer is easy. The early beginnings of varied industries in the South were checked by the invention of the cotton gin, with the resulting vastly increased possibility of preparing cotton for manufacture. This fostered the rapid extension of slavery as a means of providing plentiful, cheap, unskilled labor. With the abolition of this inhuman system, the South should have reverted as rapidly as possible to diversified agriculture, and should have taken up its mining and manufacturing enterprises where they had been abandoned. But bankrupt agricultural populations are not free to choose their course. The farmers of the South had no recourse but to borrow further, and the sole security upon which money could be obtained was the security of the unplanted crop.

Hence arose and flourished the abominable system of farm-lien finance. The only crop sufficiently understood by the farmers and their lately freed labor, and sufficiently certain of any market whatever, to serve as satisfactory security to money-lenders was the staple crop of cotton. The creditors would lend money only on one form of security, in which the farmer pledged a certain number of bales of cotton in exchange for a loan made to him in the planting season. Unable for lack of capital to practice diversified agriculture extensively, and to provide food and feedstuffs for themselves, the farmers lost all control over the marketing of their cotton, a large part of which must be delivered immediately after harvesting to the creditor, and most of the remainder must be sold promptly to meet the pressing needs of the producers for food and clothing.

Under the condition described, it was inevitable that powerful vested interests should arise to thrive at the expense of the helpless farmer. For sixty years the price of cotton has been determined by the great brokers, the manufacturers, and the "bear" manipulators on the cotton exchange. All who have had any share in the control of the cotton business of the world have grown rich, except the farmers in the various cotton regions whose toil has created the precious commodity which clothes nine-tenths of the clothed world. The producers in India, Turkestan, China, Egypt, and the Southern States have remained poor.

But conditions have undergone a marked change in the past two decades. At the present time the necessity of greatly extending the practice of diversified farming is obvious to most of the cotton producers because of the critical labor situation. Cotton requires far more hand labor than any other large crop of the South, and the revolutionary increase in wages which has come into practice during the war has drawn great numbers of farm laborers from the cotton fields and enabled all such laborers to obtain three

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and four times their pre-war wages for field work. This acute situation, like the pest of the boll-weevil, will give a great impetus to the planting of crops other than cotton on very much greater acreage than ever before.

Should the substitution of grain and stock in the place of cotton go to such lengths as to justify the application of the term sabotage to the reduction of the supply of clothing for the world, the guilt will certainly not rest upon the heads of the farmers.

But the cotton producers appear to have taken heart. They seem still to believe there is a remedy for their condition short of sabotage. The slogan of acreage reduction, so needlessly criticized by some of the manufacturers eager to serve a needy world by manufacturing cheap cotton into the costliest cotton fabrics ever sold, has meant primarily that the farmer will henceforth feed himself, and pay neither the cost of meat and grain from the West nor its transportation charge. It means in addition simply that he will not continue to deliver the cotton, which represents his wages, whenever summoned to do so by the New England and English buyers.

Furthermore, the South intends to have its own adequate warehouses for the storing of cotton, and to manage these in such a way that the farmer may borrow at low interest rates on his warehouse receipt while he remains owner of his product.

It is to be doubted whether the present generation of farmers alone could be brought into an organization sufficiently strong to enable them to attain their liberty. But the organization in which they are now enrolling, the American Cotton Association, comprises also bankers and business men. Free from the weakness of a single-class organization, it bids fair to become a non-political association of the entire South, and to influence profoundly the economic and social life of the region. Its elaborate programme for the securing of constant information concerning the world market for cotton and of other sorts of useful information, and for the distribution of this information through an official journal to all its members, will be quite feasible through its pervasive organization, including salaried national, State, and county officials, and a permanent organization of every school district. Informed of the visible supply of cotton, the probable future demand, the cost of manufacture of staple articles and their selling price, the farmer can choose the time for selling his harvest, determine upon a wise acreage for the new crop, and calculate the just price to be expected of the manufacturer for cotton.

The leaders of this uprising are aiming at better things than economic prosperity. They seek the enrichment of all human life in the South. They are well aware that society consists of others than producers and manufacturers. It is their desire that the winning of a fair return for the farmer may lead ultimately to the defeat of some of the sinister forces which merely prey upon society, and that all who labor with hand or brain may ultimately share in the victory of the producers.

War Debts and the New Budget

By HERBERT W. HORWILL

London, April 21

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has at least one advantage over his colleagues in the British cabinet. On one day in the year, at least, he occupies the center of the stage. When he rises to present his annual budget, he is the most prominent figure in the country. Gladstone's budgets went far to make his reputation, and even the most commonplace of chancellors, however limited his oratorical powers, may be confident that on that occasion he has the whole nation for an attentive audience. Austen Chamberlain, the present Chancellor, is a man whose stock has been steadily rising of late years. During the first period of his career he was overshadowed by the more popular gifts of his father. There could only be one Joseph Chamberlain, and the early promotion of his son to cabinet rank seemed, to many, nothing but another example of family influence in British politics. This opinion did Austen Chamberlain an injustice, and the passing of the years has brought him the credit he deserves.

His 1920 budget is not heroic. No one expected that it would be. But neither is it humdrum. There is in it an element of surprise in his decision to increase the excess profits duty instead of abolishing it, as had been anticipated. One cannot refuse him credit for a certain courage —not quite the same thing as heroism—in venturing thus to run counter to the demands of the business interests. He must have known beforehand what a cool reception this proposal would get from Mr. Keynes's "hard-faced men." It has, of course, aroused a storm of opposition from the "City." The business men who are among the strongest supports of the Coalition protest that it will be fatal to the longed-for revival and expansion of trade. There will come an early test of Mr. Chamberlain's tenacity.

In any case, whether the increase in the excess profits tax (coupled with which is a new tax on the profits of corporations) is retained or withdrawn, its proposal will have been a wholesome reminder to the business men of the country that the luxuries of militarism and imperialism have to be paid for sooner or later. There is likely to be in the future a less eager appetite for wildcat military expeditions and imperialist adventures generally. The proposal, too, brings home to the business community the result of its refusal to treat seriously the Labor program of a capital levy. If they will not pay the bill in one way, they must in another. To the whole country, the present budget advertizes the final disappearance of the popular illusion that the burden can be thrown on the shoulders of our late enemy. Speaking in the House of Commons a year ago, Mr. Chamberlain said: "There will be—I cannot forget them (cheers)—in addition, the German indemnities (cheers)." There was no such passage in this year's speech.

At the same time, the budget is far from satisfying the canons of sound finance. One of its most conspicuous defects is that it throws into the current account the £302,000,000 realized by the sale of war stocks, which are really the proceeds of borrowed money and on any strict system of bookkeeping should be applied to the reduction of debt. An even more serious flaw is the tenderness shown to the landowning interests. "It is a landlords' budget right through," comments Col. Wedgwood. By allowing his Chan-

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cellor to repeal the land taxes—the announcement of this repeal, by the way, was the only part of Mr. Chamberlain's two-hour speech that was cheered without reserve from the Coalition benches—the Prime Minister has cast aside one of the few remaining rags of the garb he wore in his Liberal days. "The very heart and core of Mr. Lloyd George's great budget has gone," remarks the *Westminster Gazette*, "the budget that brought Limehouse in its trail, that roused the Lords to frenzy, and round which raged one of the great constitutional fights of our history." Liberalism has indeed paid a high price for the imperialist proclivities for which it sacrificed its birthright. Today we see all the triumphs of the pre-war Asquith Government—triumphs won by a political struggle of exceptional severity—lying in ruins. The land taxes are abandoned; the Home Rule Act is dead; the party itself is reduced to a puny and ineffective group; and the House of Lords, which it was hoped had been reduced to a shadow, occupies a stronger position of influence and authority than it has held for a generation. This surrender to the landlords is especially deplorable because a radical democratizing of the land system is an essential preliminary to the building of a new world. Without almost revolutionary change, there is little prospect even of an amelioration of present conditions. The housing difficulties are one example, but they do not stand alone, for, as J. R. Clynes reminded the House last night, there is not a single trade or business that can be pursued without paying tribute to the landlords. Millions upon millions have been flowing into the pockets of the landowners, and are substantially untaxed, as compared with other forms of property.

Further, Mr. Asquith has justly criticized Mr. Chamberlain's failure to make due provision for dealing with the floating debt. The budget provides, during the next twelve months, for little more than £70,000,000 toward the reduction of a floating debt of £1,300,000,000, and even that reduction is subject to the more than probable contingency that by supplementary estimates the expenditure for the year will be increased beyond the figures shown in the balance-sheet now presented. Any development, for instance, in the range of Great Britain's political and military commitments in Mesopotamia and the Near East would make the high army estimates quite illusory. Although Mr. Chamberlain is now imposing in new taxation for one year a sum very nearly equal to the total annual revenue of the year before the war, we have scarcely begun to meet our liabilities. Every week that passes only makes it more evident that some form of levy upon the possessing classes is inevitable, whether it takes the form of an attempt to throw the burden upon war fortunes in particular or whether as seems more likely as one studies the evidence given before the committee now sitting on the question, this proposal proves so inequitable and impracticable as to make it necessary to resort, after all, to a levy on wealth in general.

One of the most discouraging features of the whole situation is that there is little sign of any cessation of the intolerable waste for which the Government is responsible. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has not turned off any of the running taps. As long as the Government itself sets such a pernicious example, private persons are not going to worry themselves about economy, and the workers will continue to resent exhortations to an increased production which seems only to result in the further aggrandizement of those who have more money than they can decently use.

What French Militarism Means

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

Frankfurt, April 17

I ARRIVED at Frankfurt just in time to witness the reception which the French military authorities, with their unerring sense for the spectacular and the effective, had arranged for the battalion of Belgian troops which the Belgian Government had hurried off to cooperate with the French forces in bringing Germany to terms, and to express the "solidarity" of Belgium with the French policy of military coercion. It was a great day for the Belgians, of course. The French commanding officer and his staff met the battalion at the railway station, where characteristic speeches were exchanged; the fashionable Mainzer Landstrasse, along which the Belgians passed, was lined with French soldiers, most of them in bright new uniforms; while at the Opera House, where the ceremony ended, the Belgians presented arms while the whole French force, infantry, cavalry, and tanks, passed before them in review. Only the black troops, whose presence had been peculiarly offensive to the Germans and who had been involved in a fatal collision with the citizens a few days before, were absent. A strangely silent crowd watched the parade. From casual remarks which I overheard from French officers who were mingling with the bystanders, I inferred that the people of Frankfurt were expected to receive a lesson of Allied unity and power that they would remember. If the low-spoken comments of civilians, on the other hand, were a fair indication of popular sentiment, the spectacle only deepened the hatred felt for French and Belgians alike.

Yet it cannot be said that military rule, however hateful it may be to the spirit, is in fact pressing very hard upon the daily life of Frankfurt or its people. I needed no special permission to enter or leave the French military zone, and there was no billeting of lodgers, as at Cologne. Soldiers were much in evidence, of course, but with the exception of armed guards at the railway station and a few public buildings, one saw practically nothing of military control. The strict regulation of posts, telegraphs, and telephones, and the interdiction of the streets to civilians after nine o'clock in the evening, which at first prevailed, have been largely or wholly relaxed, and for all practical purposes one comes and goes as he pleases. The black troops, although still in the city, have been withdrawn from guard duty. The action of the French commandant in remitting a fine which had been imposed upon the city for an assault upon a French soldier has not, I am told, softened the resentment which the mass of the population feel at the French occupation.

The real and fateful significance of the French occupation of Frankfurt and a number of nearby places is not in the incidents which have accompanied it, but in the policy which it reveals. With perfect frankness, France has returned to militarism. Why it has done so was put concisely by a high official of the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission, a diplomatist of long experience, with whom I talked at Coblenz. France, he said, regards itself as having received virtually nothing in the way of guarantees or indemnities. The German fleet, the one menace which Great Britain chiefly feared, is in the hands of the Allies or at the bottom of the sea; and Great Britain, accordingly, en-

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joys a comfortable feeling of security. America, which shows little disposition to help Europe further, is too far away to be endangered anyway; and Italy does not count. France, on the other hand, has Germany at its door, and it believes that Germany, could it be assured that France would be the only Power to reckon with, would renew the war tomorrow. Moreover, Germany has as yet fulfilled virtually none of its obligations under the Treaty of Versailles. There has been no reparation for the ghastly devastation of northern France; indemnities have not been paid; the German war criminals have not been tried or surrendered for trial; Germany has not disarmed; the stipulated quantities of coal have not been produced. To the repeated representations of France that it has been left without protection or compensation, America has replied by rejecting the treaty and thereby jeopardizing the Franco-Anglo-American alliance, while Great Britain and Italy have actually considered proposals for modifying the treaty in favor of Germany. When, accordingly, in defiance of clear statements from the Millerand Government, a larger force of German troops was needlessly sent into the occupied territory than it had been agreed should be allowed there, the forbearance of France came to an end; and France now proposes to obtain by force, whatever the Allies may think about it, the guaranties to which it believes itself entitled. That, said the diplomatist whom I am quoting, is why the French troops are in Frankfurt.

I am bound to admit, he added, that there is a good deal of weight to the French contention. But I must also admit, he continued with a significant smile, that there is something to be said for Germany. It is true that Germany has not observed the parts of the treaty in which France is most interested; personally, I do not believe that Germany intends to observe them. But would America observe them if it were in Germany's place? Do you think that Great Britain would scrupulously observe such a treaty had the document been forced upon it? Germany regards the treaty as an imposition so outrageous, so destructive of its national life, so impossible of fulfilment with any prospect of survival as a great Power, that any evasion or non-compliance becomes morally justified. On the other hand, he went on, I regard the demands of France as greater in form than in substance. France is not opposed to a revision of the treaty, particularly of its economic clauses. What it asks is that Germany shall do as much as it can of what the treaty calls for; then, if complete fulfilment is impossible, France will consider modifications. What it objects to in the attitude of Great Britain and Italy is the apparent disposition to modify the treaty to Germany's advantage before Germany has shown what it can or cannot do. Germany, however, feels that if it goes very far in the direction of compliance, the promised day of revision or modification will never come. So we have an impasse, grave with consequences for both Germany and France.

Whatever the force of the argument, the actual situation admits of no doubt. For the moment, France is the militaristic Power of the world. So far as the enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles is concerned, it is proceeding to attend to that itself, and has virtually compelled the Lloyd George Government to agree with it rather than rupture completely the badly-strained Entente. There is no new spirit at Paris. The Millerand Government, notwithstanding its explanatory phrases, is perpetuating all the militaristic vices of the Clemenceau regime. It has turned its back upon democracy so far as its dealings with Germany are concerned, and proposes to rely now upon military force. One has only to use his eyes and his ears to perceive how thoroughly the nation, in its governing classes, has committed itself to the military ideal. With the treaty of peace scarcely ten months behind it, France is today moving its troops into the territory across the Rhine. It is in France that one finds armed guards at every important railway station. It is in France that every train is crowded with soldiers. It is in France, and in France alone, that one perceives a firm determination, not merely to compel Germany to do the things to which it has bound itself, but to crush Germany as a nation.

On the German side the evil effects of the new French militarism are no less disastrous. Democracy in the sense of self-government is still a tender plant in Germany, and the disposition, especially in the present troublous times, to resort to armed force for the quelling of every local disturbance is only too evident. The tendency is well illustrated by the attitude of many officials, themselves very friendly to the regime of the Weimar Constitution, toward the *Sicherheitspolizei*. The latter, they will tell you, is a local police force which, if only the *Reichswehr* had not intervened, would soon have ended the Ruhr outbreak. But what is this *Sicherheitspolizei?* It is a body of trained soldiers, each in full uniform, with a loaded rifle and fixed bayonet on his shoulder, an ammunition belt about his waist, a hand-grenade stuck in his belt, and a flame thrower hanging at his back. He is extremely useful for killing people, and entirely useless for anything else. To call such a man a policeman is worse than nonsense, but it nevertheless illustrates the widespread feeling, a heritage of the old order of things, that nothing but armed force will keep the community in hand. Yet now, thanks largely to the aggressive policy of France, it is for Germany a struggle of force against force. On the one side is France, organized, armed, uncompromising, determined. On the other side is Germany, unorganized, weak, distressed, divided, a prey to numberless outbreaks of political or economic disorder no one of which the present Government seems able or willing to deal with intelligently, but each of which encourages the monarchist and militarist party which knows what it wants and plots day and night to get it. Happily, I see no reason to believe that the mass of the German people, after the experiences which they have undergone in the war, will even in despair support a militarist policy; but the danger is that, with the middle classes apathetic, the people may have militarist government thrust upon them. If that happens, and Europe is once more plunged into war, the burden of responsibility will be upon France for having again drawn the sword.

Contributors to This Issue

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Stop Smiling!

By MARIA MORAVSKY

THE first song which I heard in America was

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile!

I liked it very much. It was in a hotel for girls, a highly moral institution, in the style of the Y. W. C. A. The girls were students, cooks, artists, manicurists; one would meet there every type of "independent girl." I was fresh from the steamer, and quite naturally I was in high spirits.

All the girls were dressed well. To be sure they used their evenings to mend their half-silken stockings and to wash out their things. But nobody could tell, looking at their smiling faces, that they were not contented with life. On Sundays, after a brief sermon, they would read the Sunday papers, the woman's section mostly. They invited me to read them too; "the best way to learn English," they said. And in these papers, also, there was the perpetual advice: "Smile, smile, smile!"

It was a well-kept, comfortable house, with large drawing rooms and a library. We had a phonograph and a piano; we had a sewing room, a washing room, and a room for writing. I had not seen anything better in Russia; our working girls never had such splendid hotels.

But I did not feel happy in this "model home for independent girls." I felt as if I were in prison. We were obliged to get up at a certain time, to dine when the bell rang, to do everything according to the twenty-five rules which hung on every wall. Perhaps there were not so many rules after all, but the fact that my life was restricted by a lot of foreign regulations was abominable to my soul. Even the American girls called it ironically "The Holy Inn."

"Well, I must observe every kind of life," said I to myself. "Let us try being a sheltered lamb for a while." The whole of this month I was fed on extreme optimism. When I felt lonely a neighbor girl would come to my room and read to me a book entitled "Be Happy." She, too, wanted me to smile. She said "Just read this wonderful book every day. One line a day may quiet your worries and loneliness."

She was so kind! Certainly I felt much better. She was a factory-girl and spent eight hours every day at hard work. After these hard hours she still found it possible to teach a greenhorn "how to be happy"! She did not convince me that I must always smile, but, better than that, she taught me how kind American women are.

My friend helped me to be happy, but her lessons in optimism were in vain. I am immune to American optimism. I do not believe in it. It terrifies me. I want to teach Americans to stop smiling.

In Russia I was inclined to believe in optimism. I was starving for it. Our literature always was so dark and gloomy! Our religion, too, taught us that there is very little personal happiness in the world, and that a real Christian must not stoop to pursue it. I rebelled against such doctrine. I wanted to smile and believe in the triumph of personal efforts. In Russia the center of gravity was society. We believed that an individual could do nothing if society were decadent. We felt humble and dependent: "Sreda" was the name we gave to circumstances and environment.

"Sreda ate him up!" we would say when a promising young man suddenly started to drink and stopped his work. "Sreda ate her up"; so we would excuse a woman who took the wrong path. "She could do nothing: Sreda is stronger."

Usually this was true: our life was hard; we were held in slavery. Every individual effort to improve life was mercilessly trampled down by a stupid officialdom and cruel laws. To try to be happy in the ghastly atmosphere of our czarism was regarded a supernatural effort. But you Americans were lucky. You have many good historical reasons for optimism. You were far from all the bad destructive winds which blew in Europe. You were more independent, rich, and happy than any other nation.

You have had many reasons for personal optimism. At the dawn of American history your people, the brave adventurers and pioneers, were left to themselves in their struggle against their fate. It was a hard life, but it had its great advantages. The power of society and state was limited then. People really depended on their own forces: an energetic and laborious fellow would succeed, while the idler and pessimist would die from hunger on the vast fields of a new, uncultivated, wild, rich country.

But the present conditions are different. The idle grandsons of many pioneers sit safely behind their golden barricades, and the recent law of compulsory labor does not reach them. And yet you say that everyone in America is given an equal chance!

No, primitive social justice is laid like a withered flower between the pages of the old idealistic books. In every corner of your country I see innumerable injustices, which should kill the naïve optimism of the past.

You will have to change this state of things. But your old optimism is not a good weapon for this struggle.

When you smile you cannot be firm; your good-natured smile weakens you. Only when you stop smiling, when you become sad, grave, when you fall in despair and realize your misery without any softening thoughts, only then will you change the unbearable conditions of your life.

"We Americans often laugh when we want to swear," once said an American friend of mine. Then I thought it noble. But now I know better. Now I would like you to swear occasionally rather than to see that unshakably optimistic American smile.

"But we won the war smiling!" you may say with pride.

Oh, don't deceive yourself; it was not Americans who won the war. America was only the last weight thrown on the scales of European Fate. After four years of battles, after so many heroic and brutal efforts made by the other nations to defeat Germany, you came with your fresh army and bundles of money and dealt out the last stroke to the enemy. And now you say "We won the war."

It reminds me of a Russian story. A peasant was very hungry; he ate a loaf of bread and still was hungry; he ate a whole leg of lamb and still felt hungry; then he ate a little roll to finish his enormous dinner; and after that he felt satisfied. And he said—this naïve, strong, and self-conceited man: "Isn't that wonderful? The little roll killed my hunger when all the meals I ate before could not satisfy me! From this very day I will live on rolls alone."

You say you won the war by personal optimism, as well as by arms and money. Don't believe it! Your boys had to forget the saying which they learned at home: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." They had to learn self-denial, humility, discipline. They were compelled to realize that an individual means nothing in

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great battles. Masses, well-organized masses, of troops are the deciding power in modern war, not single heroes.

Many of you have learned already the inevitable necessity of organized struggle, but your country is still full of the careless grasshoppers who think that they can jump over the highest wall.

You must abandon the ephemeral efforts of the grasshopper-individualist, together with his illusive psychology. You must look in the face of life with grave disappointment and angry indignation instead of with smiling expectance.

I don't want you to hate. I want you to protest, and to protest passionately, desperately. But you must not think that I am an uncompromising enemy of optimism and want to replace it by its opposite. Not at all.

Pessimism and optimism are only the weapons with which we fight for a better life. They are too one-sided to be the theories of life. Some nations and individuals need pessimism for creating their happiness; some of them need optimism. We Russians wept too much, we disbelieved in our strength; we needed more self-confidence.

But here in America the hearts of people are overseasoned with self-confidence. The reason, of course, is that America was built by personal optimism. But now the building is older and must be rebuilt by despair. Don't fear despair; it is not harmful of itself; it is like the storm with rain and thunder. From time to time the fields need it. Your country needs it now; you have lived too long under the moral sunshine of optimism. This merciless sun has dried your souls. You need the showers of tears, the thunderstorm of anger.

If you moan from despair, if you blame your fate, if for a moment, just for a moment, you want to beat your head against the wall, it will be infinitely better, saner, than to say: "Everything is for the best."

When thousands of Americans say: "I am unhappy and I cannot change it by myself. I am helpless, I am run down, I cannot do anything"; then they will be able to do everything because they will join their efforts. Out of personal despair grows social strength.

Many months have passed since I left The Holy Inn. I live now in the center of New York's Bohemia, in Greenwich Village. I don't feel any personal restrictions. Nobody cares at what time I go to bed. I don't hear the morning bell any more and I don't read the rules hanging on the wall. But somehow I don't feel free here. America and freedom are not synonymous, as I dreamed they would be.

Somehow it seems to me that it is an enormous polyglot hotel for working people, a good hotel, with good food and clean sheets on the beds. The people have the comfort of which the other nations are deprived. They have victrolas and Fords, and silk stockings for their girls, and nice Sunday papers with the newest divorce scandals and the pictures of beautiful Movie Stars. But human souls here are like the Californian working girls who mended at night their cheap "swell" dresses, cried from loneliness, hated the innumerable rules, and longed for another, better life.

The old song is slightly modernized, and the captains of the Y. M. C. A. canteens sing now to the grown-up children:

> Pack up your troubles in your old suit case
> And smile, smile, smile!

But all the American teachers of cheerfulness forget that there is as great a difference between the old and new American optimism as between an old weather-beaten kit bag of a free pioneer and a machine-made suit case.

Three Spring Notations on Bipeds

By CARL SANDBURG

1.
The down drop of the blackbird,
The wing-catch of arrested flight,
The stop midway and then off:
  off for triangles, circles, loops
  of new hieroglyphs—
This is April's way: a woman:
"Oh yes, I'm here again and your heart
  knows I was coming."

2.
White pigeons rush at the sun;
A marathon of wing feats is on:
"Who most loves danger? Who most loves
  wings? Who somersaults for God's sake
  in the name of wing power
  in the sun and the blue
  on an April Sunday?"
So ten winged heads, ten winged feet,
  race their white forms over Elmhurst.
They go fast: once the ten together were
  a feather of foam bubble, a chrysanthemum
  whirl in silver and azure.

3.
The child is on my shoulders.
In the prairie moonlight the child's legs
  hang over my shoulders.
She sits on my neck and I hear her calling
  me a good horse.
She slides down—and into the moon silver
  of a prairie stream
She throws a stone and laughs at the clug-clug.

In the Driftway

NATIONS that preserve within their boundaries important relics of a glorious past invariably suffer for it in the neglect which the rest of the world pays to their present character and achievement. Visitors flit through Italy, for instance, as if there were nothing there except cathedrals and museums. The number of books in English on Italian art and archaeology is appalling, but those on her modern political and social conditions are few and unsatisfactory. The same is true of Greece. This exclusive devotion by the rest of the world to the past of any nation is hardly complimentary or fair to the present generation, and it is somewhat with an idea of modifying this tendency that the Greek Government is now sending a travelling exhibition about this country, not to belittle ancient Greece, but by pictorial means to unite it in the mind of the rest of the world with the nation of today. In the exhibition, largely photographic, one can see side by side with ancient monuments modern Greek women in dances reminiscent of the solemnity of the ancient Greek tragedies; one can see modern Greek shepherds in Theocritan landscapes. The modern Greek is no more blameworthy that he does not reach in certain respects the stature of the ancient

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Greek than is the modern American for the same deficiency. Culture is not geographical. We are all the lineal descendants of the Past; all indictable in so far as we have sinned and fallen short of the glory that was Greece, or failed to appreciate the glory that is still hers.

* * * * *

TO the Drifter the news that the population of New York city is nearing the 6,000,000 mark comes as no surprise. He has traveled in the subway recently with about two-thirds of this number, and registers polite astonishment that only one-third, apparently, believes its place to be in the home. With a sigh he reads that a miserable hundred years ago, in 1820, there were only 152,056 inhabitants in the great city. How lonely the subway guard must have been in those days! How adept at tiddle-de-winks the ticket agents must have become while sitting idle in their little houses. And now 6,000,000! Something must be done to curb this greatest vamp of all vamps, New York. Surely a law could be passed making it a criminal offense, punishable by life imprisonment in some jail west of the Mississippi River, to have become a resident of New York during the last fifty years. Better still, all the brunettes could be deported (or all the blondes); or possibly all the Democrats (or Republicans). For at the present rate of expansion the population of New York in 2020 will be about 240,000,000!

* * * * *

HARRY GOSLING, president of the 350,000 British Transport Workers, is one of the cautious labor leaders. He once said:

I know a very great authority who has worked out what it cost him to "win" a certain dispute. It cost in the first year after the "victory" something like 30 per cent in depreciation of output owing to discontent, and a number of years passed with a declining loss in each, till he got back to the normal. A "victory" for capital involving an unconditional return to work is always at bottom a defeat. Lord Devonport beat us at the docks in 1912. He won. But ask Lord Devonport today how much he won, and if he replies frankly, you will get a surprising answer. Year by year, ever since 1912, we have been "getting our own back." It had to be done, but nevertheless it has been a bad thing—for labor, for capital, for the community.

* * * * *

WHILE it cannot be assumed that hockey matches are of international significance, it is pleasing to note that "Ireland beat England by three goals to two on the Leinster Cricket Club Grounds at Dublin" on a recent Saturday. The chronicler of the game—in the London *Times*—asserts that the ground was tricky, but admits that the fact that the English invaders had had a rough crossing the day before may have helped to account for their defeat. In the second half the English were on the defensive all through and the backs were "flurried by the Irish hit-and-rush tactics." And so Ireland won her first victory since 1904. Let the British Government take heed of this event. Omens have been discovered in such common occurrences as the flight of birds. The warning from this particular omen is that invasion of Ireland is dangerous and may have evil effects of greater moment than *mal de mer*. Irish ground is tricky ground, and the English are sure to be on the defensive when they set foot upon it. "Hit-and-rush tactics" are bewildering to British wits, and the Irish are vigorous, offensive players whom a series of defeats will not discourage.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Cinnamon Buns

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A number of good ladies of one of the churches along Fifth Avenue conduct a "Neighborhood Luncheon Club for Business Girls," which many of us patronize. The ladies themselves are waitresses, countermen, and cashiers. The luncheons they serve are very good and quite reasonable, and their cinnamon buns are especially fine.

But, alas! There is a fly in the syrup—or shall I say cinnamon bun? For the good ladies who serve us realize full well that they are "doing us good," and a conscientious part of their "doing us good" lies in giving us a dazzling smile with every portion of food. Perhaps the rule is: "A smile to a sandwich; two smiles to every soup." No chance to "do us good" is lost. Mottoes, changed daily, read "The good will of a dog is better than his bite"; "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Also, those of us who have not joined the club are fined five cents per day.

It is all very well to talk about "smile, smile, smile," but it really is very hard to screw your face up again and again mechanically in answer to a smile that is meant to "do you good," when it would be much more of a luxury to slump down in your seat and look tired and glum, as you feel. One day I did eat without a single benevolent gleam, but that was because I had made a point of solemnly asking all the fine ladies who served me if they belonged to a waitresses' union, and if not, why not? I even offered to bring them union application blanks. I did not get a single smile that day, and went away feeling rested.

In the face of the fact that church lunches for business girls, after the advice of ministers, like the Rev. Dwight Hillis on "How to Solve the Economic Unrest," are springing up all over the business section, can you not advise us as to how, without the smile, we can still reserve good cinnamon buns to the poor working girl?

Malverne, New York, May 1 STELLA CROSSLEY DALJORD

"Solid South" Crumbling Fast

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been over much of Texas during the past year and for several months have been out in my old home country in Louisiana, that section being usually one of the most conservative in the nation, as it is in the heart of the sugar country. Everywhere I have found even the politicians admitting that the Democratic party is headed for the worst defeat ever suffered by a political organization since the Federalist party was wiped out of existence. Curiously, the great majority lay the party's wreck to its wholesale suppression of free speech, free press, and assembly. Men everywhere are beginning to say that the wholesale arrests of the I. W. W. and Socialists are for no other purpose than to distract the attention of the people from the vital economic issues.

Hence men have already practically lost all confidence in the ability of either the Democratic or Republican party to do anything to relieve the hard economic condition of the masses of the people. This is true though I have seen very few of the so-called "down-and-outs." Most of those I have talked with have been of the middle and upper working classes, all of whom, strange as it may seem, strongly resent the imprisonment of Debs and the everlasting hounding of the I. W. W., which last they regard as a sop to Wall Street and the Gompers machine.

Everywhere men are looking for the early birth of a great, liberal, people's party, grounded on American traditions of freedom and acting on Lincoln's motto: "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and Jefferson's declaration of "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." Taking the

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farmers' Nonpartisan League, the new Labor Party, the Committee of Forty-eight, and the "two million industrialists" which the *World's Work* admits are in the United States, as the core, where is the impossibility of creating this great liberal-radical party? The Republican Party, when formed, was built out of groups seemingly as far apart. So was the Democratic.

Dallas, Texas, March 1 COVINGTON HALL

Sic Semper Paregoric

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In these days when prophets of evil make the air hideous with ravings against the Established Order of Things as They Ought to Be, endeavoring to imitate the Lamentations of Jeremiah, it is truly refreshing to turn to the pages of the *Congressional Record* and read such a patriotic speech as Congressman William D. Upshaw, of Georgia, turned loose upon the ears of his fellow-members on March 30, in this year of grace. Too many gems of thought are buried in the daily record of what our "best Congressmen"—to quote the immigration officer who examined the alien Paul Bosco—are saying and doing. Let this one be rescued from the dust of the Congressional Library:

"Over against this political charge of extravagance let us drown out the din and the jargon of folly by shouting: 'Hooray for the American flag!' (Applause) . . . When narrow partisanship dips its tongue into gall and its pen into the frenzy of petty political pillage, let us answer again: 'Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes, hurrah for the soldiers and sailors who upheld the flag we love, hurrah for the American people who stood back of the soldiers who upheld the flag we love, hurrah for the President of the United States who represented the people who stood back of the hero soldiers, sailors, and marines who fought for the flag we love. Hurrah for America! E pluribus unum sic semper paregoric nux vomica est! Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!' That is our answer.

"Chairman. The time of the gentleman has expired.

"Mr. Upshaw. Hooray for the Fourth of July."—(*Congressional Record*, March 31, 1920, P. 5472.)

Would it not be possible to have the New York Legislature pass an act requiring this speech to replace The House that Jack Built in the primers? What a splendid education in Americanism! What a great answer to ribald charges of extravagance! What a wonderful plank for the National Democratic platform!

Hillsboro, New Mexico, April 20 EDWARD TITTMANN.

Literary Aliases

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel moved to enter a protest against the practice of reissuing English books in this country under a changed title. The case that I have in mind is that of Philip Gibbs's last war book. It was issued in England with the title "The Realities of War," a title admirably descriptive of its content. It was originally announced in this country under the title "What the Censor Forbade," but finally appeared "Now it Can Be Told." To the extent that anyone may buy the two books, supposing them to be different, it amounts to obtaining money under false pretenses. A person in passing from one country to another would not be allowed to conceal his identity by assuming an alias. Why should a book's identity be thus concealed?

Even translations should for the information of the public carry their original titles parenthetically. The practice raises other questions. Is the American reading public so much less serious than the British that it is necessary to give British books catchy titles in order to sell them in this country, and why should a book, once possessed of a good title, be damned by giving it a cheap one?

Lawrence, Kansas, April 24 F. H. H.

The Case of Paul De Mott

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Paul De Mott was a young fellow of twenty or twenty-one, with an adventurous streak in his blood, who had come to France to do relief work for the Society of Friends. After working for three months in the devastated regions and two months in Paris, he got the idea that he would like to go to Russia.

Fortunately for De Mott—or rather unfortunately as his lot turned out—he had credentials from a small American magazine, the *Modernist*, appointing him European correspondent. With these he applied at the American passport bureau in Paris and had no trouble in obtaining an extension of his passport to "Western Russia, the Baltic Provinces and all necessary countries by rail." De Mott had little money, and his friends warned him of the risk he was taking in going to Russia. After some effort he secured letters of introduction from a member of the Esthonian delegation at Paris to two ministers in Esthonia, and he also got in touch with French radicals. For them he offered to carry letters into Russia, in the belief that by so doing he would insure a good reception for himself.

When De Mott left Paris on his fateful journey, he carried a family letter from Madame Jacques Sadoul to her husband, formerly a captain in the French Military Mission in Russia, as well as two others from a French syndicalist to Soviet comrades. He was assured that there was nothing compromising in those letters, the most serious thing being a report on the progress of syndicalism in France. The letters were not read to De Mott, who could neither speak nor understand French.

When he arrived at Berlin, De Mott wrote his friends that he would have to wait some time before he could make connections for Reval from which to proceed to Russia. He used the intervening time to play amateur reporter in Germany, telegraphing two American papers in Paris that he would send them stories from the Ruhr. Suddenly the word reached Paris that the State Department had asked the American Commissioner in Berlin to intervene in the case of Paul De Mott, condemned to death by the Reichswehr at Wesel, and on the very same day another despatch came that he had been killed by a sentry while trying to escape. The facts revealed by the subsequent investigation of newspaper correspondents indicate that De Mott had been taken off a Red truck at Mulheim with two Red Guards (the only way a correspondent could travel behind the Red lines), and despite his protestations that he was a correspondent had been court-martialed immediately and condemned to death. De Mott had already sent a news despatch to Paris from Mulheim, but the German terror troops did not stop to weigh the evidence. On the strength of the letters found on De Mott's person they sentenced him as an international Bolshevik courier, and the German commandant later admitted to the Chicago *Tribune* correspondent that De Mott was *one of forty* "shot while trying to escape." The post-mortem examination revealed that De Mott was shot in the back and that the bullet had been fired at a very close distance.

The strangest thing about the whole case is that the American State Department has swallowed the yarn that De Mott was an international courier and the center of a gigantic conspiracy between Russian and American Bolshevists, and has entirely waived the customary demand for an apology and an indemnity. We may recall that in 1889 the Italian Government obtained both an apology and an indemnity for the lynching of a number of convicted black-handers by a mob at New Orleans, but it is apparently the State Department's idea that the moment a man is suspected, whether justly or unjustly, of Bolshevism, he loses even the rights enjoyed by a convicted black-hander. He who is charged with Bolshevism is out of the pale both of law and of humanity.

Paris, April 22, 1920 RAMBAM

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Books

Economic Politics

The Nonpartisan League. By Herbert E. Gaston. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE Nonpartisan League has been the victim of an unconscionable amount of lying. The more notable, therefore, is the service performed by Mr. Gaston, for three years manager of the League's publications, in writing a book that gives not only the facts, but the truth, concerning this remarkable political organization. Mr. Gaston writes with sympathy for the League, yet with scrupulous fairness to its opponents. Telling a political story, he yet realizes that "there is no event so important in any year in North Dakota as harvest. The outcome of the crop determines business and political affairs." The book is a record of the farmers' struggle, essentially by political means, for emancipation from the grip of the transportation, marketing, and credit monopolies centering in the large cities, but stretching out their tentacles into the little country towns and controlling the elevators, the banks, and even the local newspapers. The story is told simply, directly, and with an absence of partisanship and bitterness remarkable in view of the fierce struggle of the past five years.

The League now claims a membership of 200,000 working farmers in thirteen States. A definite program, uniform dues and paid memberships as a basis of political activity, and practical commercial salesmanship in soliciting members have been the foundation of its progress. As Mr. Townley himself has said, "An idea, a Ford, and sixteen dollars" made the League. Even amid the fiercest of political fighting there has been little effort to deny that the farmers in the spring wheat country of the Northwest have been mercilessly exploited, and the League has consistently pushed a program for ending that exploitation. As a result, it has always been in a bitter fight.

In the history of the League, North Dakota is more important than all the other States put together. Settled by British and Irish, Norwegians, Americans, and "German-Russians," and dependent almost wholly on wheat, the State is economically homogeneous; but politically it has been until recently inert. For a generation "Alex" McKenzie, the railroad boss, carried the commonwealth in his pocket, despite an occasional slight spasm of "reform legislation." Progressive members of the faculty of the State agricultural college, however, helped the farmers understand the real nature of the ills from which they were suffering, and there were ten years of agitation for State-owned terminal elevators both within and without the State. Despite the demand of the farmers, the Legislature, made up largely of lawyers and other town men, in 1915 definitely refused to enact the required legislation, one of the legislators during the hearings advising the farmers to "go home and slop the hogs." They went home, but did not limit their activities to slopping the hogs.

For just at this point Arthur C. Townley came on the scene. It is an interesting picture that Mr. Gaston draws of this remarkable and much-misunderstood man. Always dreaming of large things and constantly getting into difficulty on that account (he was in 1915 a hundred thousand dollars in debt as a result of a plunge into the flax business), a student of economics interested in socialist criticism though impatient of socialist theorizing as opposed to action, a man with remarkable powers of discernment and organization, he saw in the North Dakota situation extraordinary political possibilities—issues made to hand, with a group of politicians "acting to prove the socialists' contention that the main province of government is to protect the wealth of the wealthy." Without more ado, Townley went to work to organize the League, naming himself president, Fred B. Wood, a successful farmer of Deering, vice-president, and five other farmers an executive committee. Townley and his associates, and soon after salaried organizers, went among the farmers soliciting paid memberships on the basis of the following program: State ownership of terminal elevators, flour mills, packing houses, and cold storage plants; State inspection of grain and grain dockage; exemption of farm improvements from taxation; State hail insurance on the acreage tax basis; rural credit banks operated at cost. This program, it will be noted, met directly the main complaints of the farmers; but the most important thing was the fact of organization itself.

The swift growth and the stormy career of the League furnish the material for a fascinating story—the farmer against the market interests. The opposition newspapers took the alarm in the winter of 1915-16; thereafter the League was subjected to a steady drum-fire of facts, near-facts, no-facts, plain lies, and fabrications. The organization of the League, with control purposely centered in the hands of Townley and his immediate associates in order to give it fighting effectiveness, laid the League open to attack, but the farmers never wavered in their allegiance. The League's reply in every case was to take the offensive. For the details of the struggle the reader must turn to Mr. Gaston's book. There he will read the absorbing story of the way in which the League captured the Republican primaries in 1916, put Lynn J. Frazier, "a farmer straight from the farm," into the governor's chair, and got control of the lower house of the Legislature, the executive offices of the State, and the supreme court. He will learn how the League caucus in the session of 1917 put the farmers' program through the lower house, only to find itself almost completely balked by the hold-over Senate. He will read of the ten constitutional amendments consequently enacted in 1918 in order to remove all obstacles to that program and to liberalize the direct-legislation features of the constitution, and of the astonishing accomplishments of the Legislature of 1919, completely controlled by the League: the industrial commission to control State-owned financial and commercial undertakings; the Bank of North Dakota; State-owned warehouses, elevators, and flour mills; State aid to home building; a graduated income tax, distinguishing between "earned" and "unearned" incomes; exemption of farm improvements from taxation; State hail insurance; State mine inspection; workmen's accident and sickness compensation; regulation of employment of women; State aid for soldiers; a distance tariff on railroads; and reform of public printing. The League program is in effect today; its results remain to be seen. Mr. Gaston also tells the story of the unsuccessful attack made by the "renegade" State officers on the Scandinavian-American Bank of Fargo, financial headquarters for the League, and of the courageous and intelligent action of Governor Frazier whereby the mines of North Dakota were kept in operation throughout the coal strike. To relate the recent history of North Dakota in systematic form is no small service to the seeker for truth. Mr. Gaston has performed it well.

No less useful is his account of the fight against the League during the war on the ground of disloyalty. He opens his discussion with this true observation: "It is probably fair to say that, generally, farmers and all others who toil at hard physical labor for long hours were far less concerned with the troubles of Europe, far less likely to be stirred by indignities and outrages committed abroad against American citizens, were far less jealous of American rights, and were much less thrilled at the prospect of war than other classes with more leisure." There follows an excellent account of the relations between the farmers and the Food Administration, showing how Townley and his associates fought consistently for Government control of the markets and the prevention of profiteering—with what lack of success, everyone knows. The Associated Press misquotation of Senator La Follette's St. Paul address, and the consequent injury to the League, are given due importance. During all the war there was no more perfect example of "patrioteering" than the action of the large commercial and financial interests and their press in arrogating to themselves the loyalty issue in their fight on the League.

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Concerning the future Mr. Gaston speaks with restraint. "Any cult or propaganda," he says, "becomes dangerous if it comes close to the truth." Holding that the history of North Dakota proves the sincerity of the men in charge of the League, he yet makes no sweeping claims for them or their program, but utters this provocative warning: "If we anticipate, proximately or remotely, the dangers of destructive revolution and anarchy, we should certainly welcome measures of progress—and they should not be too moderate." The League represents the traditional American belief that such progress is possible through the agency of politics. Will our Tories prove that belief mistaken in the present instance?

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY.

A Classic in Many Colors

The Life and Death of King John. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE student of Shakespeare's text, be he mere reader or reviewer, opens each new volume of the "Variorum" edition with an eagerness somewhat checked by apprehension, for he is only too well aware that he once more embarks upon the stormy adventure of unsealing the cave of all the winds of scholarly criticism. Blasts will whirl together from every quarter, north and east and south and riotous southwest, embroiling heaven and earth and raising the mountains of the deep, until the arbiter lifts his head above the waters and, shaking the editorial trident, composes the strife with divinely decisive word or two. Surely after all the din the poet's skies, cleared of every darkening cloud, should seem both deeper and more serene. Yet here the reviewer is troubled by a growing doubt of the fitness of his breezy figure, for in many of these pages of diverse critical comment there is no quick life or ready motion of perception and thought—only the slow stagnation of a dulness that slumbers even when Shakespeare's beauty is awake. A "Variorum" edition of the dramatist is now joyously stimulating when its pages flutter with the lively breath of a Theobald or a Steevens, now drearily narcotic when its leaves grow heavy with the all-pervading mental miasma of a Warburton or a Malone.

"King John," as offered to us by the younger Mr. Furness, here boasts ampler book-space than any other Shakespearean drama has ever won, save "Hamlet" in two volumes of the same series. And yet there are many who would rank it lower in literary worth than the least of its seventeen fellows already clad in the familiar terra-cotta and gold of the Philadelphia workshop! Not very popular in its own Elizabethan hour—if the absence of quartos be a criterion of neglect—"King John" can claim no priority even among the histories beyond that accorded by the chronological precedence of the reign. It lacks the unity that a great central figure affords, its plot is a thing of shreds and patches, at times its unarriving grandiloquence wanders, with no knowledge of the full stop, beyond the ken of reader or hearer. Yet it has sovereign merits too: the vivid revelations, not inconsistent with history, of the King in his early moments of manly vigor and in his later of murderous cowardice and treachery; the picturesque contrast between his sham kingship and the true royalty of a man, a woman, a boy, who wear no crown; the heart-rending pathos of the sufferings of an innocent child and of the laments of his bereaved mother; the frequent appeals, vibrant yet, to national sympathies. A mingling of Shakespeare's best and worst, it provokes the critics to extravagances of praise and blame. "Faulconbridge," cries Swinburne in wonted rapture, "is the English masterwork of Shakespeare's hand; we may accept him as the best man known to us that England ever made." We marvel as we recall the Bastard's coarseness and his savagery in war. On the other hand, many editors from Pope to Neilson have been repeating, regardless of the text, that "the reasons of Faulconbridge's hatred of the Duke of Austria are not clear." Not clear! The Duke had slain the Bastard's admired father, Richard, and now flaunted Cœur de Lion's coat. Only that and nothing more.

With a diligence, decency, and fidelity that a critic would dare impugn only after an exhaustive and exhausting verification of all references, Mr. Furness discharges the manifold duty of a "Variorum" editor. Text and variants are convoyed through seas of doubt by the vast flotilla of notes of two centuries of interpretation, which often do little but impede progress. And just here arises a question of larger application than the book before us. Shall a "Variorum" editor include in his pages every aberration—suggestions often rashly made and speedily withdrawn—of every thick-skull that deems and dubs himself "commentator"! Eighteenth-century commentary in particular is so needlessly expansive that here, and often elsewhere, pruning seems imperative. Many times entire excision were better. Though we should dote on the very absence of much of this "monstrous gabble," yet we must perforce applaud the titanic industry that has overlooked nothing which sheds either light or darkness upon word and line. Moreover, it would be grossly unfair to our editor's acumen to imply through what has been said any lack of discrimination in his handling of this doubtful wealth of detail. He is an admirable arbiter, speaking the one word needful to untie the knot, or to lead us out of the maze. He has a wholesome respect for his text, abandoning it only with large reason. His main concern is always his author's intent and meaning. His decisions are ever on the side of simplicity and sanity. Mark the sound judgment of his summaries of the vexing discussions of a dozen *cruces*. He is not only a just but a kindly judge. Oft he rejects but never once offends. The mantle of his charity is usually spread over the Bottoms, rather than over the Pucks of criticism; but it shelters even the sly head of Collier from the richly merited blows of Dyce. Unhappily we miss—and our lack is great—the large and genial humor, the shrewd wit, the tang, the gusto, that gave to all his father's comments the charm of the *mots* of a brilliant host.

FREDERICK TUPPER

The Jugular Vein of the Allies

The Dover Patrol. By Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon. George H. Doran Company.

THE Dover patrol covered the bottle-neck into the English Channel. It formed, as it were, the left flank of the army in Flanders and, in addition, it had to act as detonator to any explosions that might emanate from the German bases at Ostende and Zeebrugge. Most of the food supply for the Port of London depended upon its activities and so, equally, did the lines of communication of the Flanders Army. These might at any moment have been threatened by a German landing behind the front—a feat by no means impossible of achievement, in fine weather, with a good fleet of flat-bottomed boats and with Ostende less far away from Nieuport than was Dunkirk. If the Dover Patrol had failed, whether on the French side or in covering the invaluable merchant shipping anchored in the Downs, it is safe to say that nothing less than a dividing up of the Grand Fleet at Scapa, with perhaps fatal consequences, would have been able to protect this jugular vein of the Allied peoples. As it was, the two naval years, 1915 to 1917, covered by Sir Reginald Bacon's account of his command of the Patrol, were more fraught with peril than were the periods of *all* the German advances into France. In the latter case the public knew the danger; in the former it was known only to the few, and that few fortunately did not include the Germans.

One of the most interesting points in Admiral Bacon's book is that it deals with the period during which practically all the conditions were different from what had been anticipated. Matters such as plentiful supplies of mines, large numbers of destroyers, net-barrages, and all and sundry anti-submarine tactics, which by 1918 were more or less taken for granted, were

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in a state of flux, and opinions differed on them very strongly indeed. Take, for instance, the case of convoys, upon which Admiral Bacon here touches. The original principle was to guard areas rather than ships. This was supported by a great dearth in destroyer craft with the result that in May, 1917, shipping losses mounted to a figure which in a few more weeks might have put Great Britain out of the war. But at the moment when the convoy system was adopted as a desperate measure, America entered the war, not only contributing very valuable help, but also releasing a number of British ships engaged upon the prevention of contraband. The convoy system had been adopted—also as a last resource—during the Napoleonic wars, and was nothing new, but with very heavy claims upon the navy in all seas, it would have been almost impossible as early as 1915 to spare the destroyers necessary for the purpose. Admiral Bacon points out the magnitude of the German advantage in being able to secure, almost undisturbed, Ostende and Zeebrugge as naval bases. It was an advantage against which British naval policy had ever been set. Wars had been fought to prevent it, and, at the most critical time in the fortunes of the Allies, here it was an accomplished fact. A counteracting factor was that it enforced the utmost use of the merchant marine, not only as carriers of supplies but also as actual defenders of the sea. From the merchant marine were chosen men who, without scientific training, yet knew the sea by instinct and who adapted themselves with almost miraculous readiness to the minutiae of calculation and exactness demanded by such functions as mine-laying, mine-sweeping, net-barraging, and so forth. Frightful risks had to be taken all the time, and had the Germans been as willing to take risks there is little doubt that in those early days they might have inflicted unparalleled disaster, chiefly upon merchant shipping, since the Dover Force was—indeed had to be—ridiculously small in those first years.

Admiral Bacon's book has in it much matter for the layman and much for the expert. For that reason it is more shapeless than have been many books written about the war. For that reason also, it is a truer presentment of the conditions obtaining, since the whole naval war was fought by improvisation, by a readaptation of conditions, by layman and expert side by side, and only towards the very end did it begin to assume the outlines of that definite and coherent whole which exists always on paper but very rarely anywhere else.

MURIEL HARRIS

Diplomatic Portraiture

Some Personal Impressions. By Take Jonescu. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

WHEN M. Take Jonescu decides to give us rather more history, more correlated facts in the sequence, than he attempts to do in this series of vignettes, the book he writes will be in demand among all who are interested in either the old or the new diplomacy of Europe. This does not mean that what he writes now is not worth the trouble of reading, for through all the back-stage chat which a diplomat loves we catch sharp flashes which throw into new relief many of the great events connected with the war. The casual name chosen for these brief sketches shows that there is little pretension at being more than casual. It is not meant to be important. But M. Jonescu is important; he is the most important man in Rumania by all odds; and enough that is important has crept into his book for us to know how much we are missing. Particularly do we want to hear about the actors in the theater of Balkan politics, into which (if we except the outstanding appreciation of the genius of M. Venizelos) M. Jonescu hardly enters in the present volume.

It is the less familiar personages described by the Rumanian ex-Premier who catch our interest most. The series of Austro-Hungarian diplomats, mainly Magyars, to whose ambition and short-sightedness M. Jonescu lays much of the blame for provoking the war, are described in a few pitiless and vivid phrases. They are all there. Tisza: "Since the death of Francis Ferdinand virtually dictator of the Empire. . . . He was the prime mover in unchaining the conflict. . . . Cold as the blade of a knife; with a will of extreme brutality, and a demeanor as serious as an English non-conformist minister's." Berchtold: "A fine-looking man, if one admires that type of person. Gentlemanly, extremely gentlemanly, with good manners—and that is all there is to him. I should have nothing to add if I wanted to paint his portrait." Szeczen: "Just one of those many Counts out of which the Dual Empire manufactured diplomatists." Czernin: "Austrians do exist . . . When one first sees them one is charmed by their beautiful manner and what I can only describe as their encyclopedic polish. This prevents one realizing their hopeless nonentity. From astonishment at their ignorance and want of brain one comes to believe them harmless. Then one perceives that at bottom these people are rogues, and that one should not reckon too much on their intellectual nonentity . . . Count Czernin was a most typical Austrian." The Rumanian has this to say of one of the enemies of his race, Aehrenthal, whom we remember best as having torn up the Treaty of Berlin by annexing Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908, and as the instigator of the notorious Agram treason trial, which sought with forged documents to prove the complicity of Serbia in attempts to throw off the Magyar tyranny over Croatia and Slavonia: "Aehrenthal alone took the idea seriously that Austria-Hungary was still a great power. He wished to expand Austria-Hungary. The Magyar party adopted his policy as its own, and the result is that Austria-Hungary has perished."

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Frustrate Rebels

Time and Eternity. By Gilbert Cannan. George H. Doran Company.

Passion. By Shaw Desmond. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Clanking of Chains. By Brinsley MacNamara. Brentano's.

MR. GILBERT CANNAN'S novels are important novels, but they are not good novels. They are the illustrative material of his essays and they do not illustrate them in any creative fashion. The theories shine through too glaringly, as in "Time and Eternity"; or else, as in "Pink Roses," a tormented fullness of presentation obscures the vital ideas. There is neither spontaneity nor felicity; every concrete thing seems fought over and dragged hither after an inner battle. Mr. Cannan started out with a naive creative impulse, but the events of the past six years have aroused in him, as in many of us, so much impassioned thinking about life that the material of creation itself slips from his grasp.

In "Time and Eternity" (why "Time and Eternity"?) he has a theme of literally the utmost fruitfulness and power. Here are two people, Stephen Lawrie and Valerie du Toit, to whom has been "given the power to live naturally and in accordance with their own deepest truth." But, alas, "to the world caught up in uncontrolled machinery, this seemed entirely irrelevant, even impertinent." The admirable word "uncontrolled" tells the story. Not only the physical but even the moral life of mankind has been turned into a machine that is independent of human needs or human happiness, but grinds out war, hunger, intolerance, and enslavement both in the inner and the outer world. Thus Ducie, Valerie's rejected lover, sinks back into the hot confusions of a machine-made, possessive sex-psychology. He respects neither Valerie's happiness nor, what is more important, her freedom, but, like another Othello, smothers her among her pillows because she will not be the slave of his desires.

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Yet the embodiment of this superb subject is thin and strained. We feel Valerie du Toit as a golden flash of strength and liberty. But Stephen Lowrie, who "crouched in resistance to the evil of his time," is less than a shadow, and Mr. Perekatov, the Jewish revolutionary, is a mere shadow of a monster. He writhes in symbolical gestures, but their purport is utterly dark. To the minor figures who flit in and out of the story Mr. Cannan is coldly merciless. One suspects that his fierce thinking has made him a little supercilious to the common stuff of human nature. He has the noble impatience—in both senses—of the seer.

About Mr. Shaw Desmond's first novel, "Democracy," there was something young and stripped and athletic. In "Passion" he has sought to create a thicker world and to take a broader view. He succeeds better in the first of these two endeavors and best of all in the initial part of his book called The Child. Here his work is very solid and distinguished. We know of no exacter study of childhood and adolescence nor of any less steeped in traditional idealisms. Mr. Shaw does not, to be sure, draw the ultimate conclusions in human action from the facts which he presents so well. But to do that would almost require a new technique of writing. Young Tempest at home and at school is immensely genuine and instructive. Flung into London, a London that savors of Dickens and Gissing, of mud and tripe-shops, he reminds one strongly of the child Dickens in the factory. Only the mood is a sterner and a clearer one. After that the fine veracity of the book breaks down. The women, both Miss Ella and later on the very different Aase Wilde, are seen with a caressingly sentimental eye, and the glossy Cave of Big Business is "stylicized" into symbolic monstrosity, all steel and glitter and ruthlessness, with the human muddle and vulgarity and voracity quite left out. And this is done in order that the hero may make his choice the more spectacularly and Mr. Desmond point his moral with a little flourish of trumpets. One may suggest that Tempest's conversion to freedom and to literature would have been both more credible and more telling if he had been less successful in the Cave, and if something more inherent in his own development than the catastrophe of romantic love had given the impetus to his final rebellion.

Perhaps Tempest in "Passion" does not escape as completely as does Michael Dempsey in "The Clanking of Chains" that last misery caused by oppression and enslavement which is that it makes men slavish within. Stark force and bitter injustice turn a few into rebels and visionaries. But many are made time-servers and opportunists and cowards, and so the incorruptible liberator must contend not only with his enemy but with what his enemy had made of those who should have been his friends and comrades. That, in a word, is the tragedy of the pure revolutionary, and it is also the theme of Mr. Brinsley MacNamara's "Story of Sinn Fein." But he has not detached himself sufficiently to see this tragedy as a recurrent and inevitable result of oppression itself and has written with a cold disgust in his heart and a mist of disappointment over his eyes. Thus his book is murky in atmosphere and depressing in temper. It is depressing not, of course, because it is tragic in substance, but because the tragic forces have not been grasped nor their nature clarified. Michael Dempsey might have been an heroic figure; he is only a wanderer in a fog. A part of this general impression is due, furthermore, to Mr. MacNamara's inadequacy as an artist. He hurries and repeats himself; he is at once too brief and too wordy. A word—atonement, for instance—seems to him to go to the root of the matter, and he hounds it through page after page into exhaustion and meaninglessness. Thus his intensity always droops into slackness. But he knows his country and his people and is deterred by no vain illusions from showing them as they are. With less haste and more rest, with less bustle and with the charity that contemplation brings he should give us a study of the average Irishman at home that could be reckoned with.

Books in Brief

IF Americans have felt cause to be ashamed of their role of military interventionists in Russia, they may at least draw some comfort from having emerged without entirely compromising their reputation for humanity and fair play. "America is all right" was a phrase which continually greeted the ears of our soldiers even while they were looked upon as unwelcome intruders. This was markedly different from the feeling expressed toward the British. So amazing is the story of British arrogance, tactlessness, and brutality in Northern Russia, revealed by Ralph Albertson in "Fighting Without a War" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe) that it would be well nigh impossible to accept it, if the trustworthiness of the writer, who served as Y. M. C. A. secretary to the expedition till the withdrawal of the last British soldier, was not in a striking manner vouched for by the two citations which he gained from the British. It is natural that Mr. Albertson should resent the scornful and contemptuous attitude of English officers toward Americans. It is true that our men, bewildered by their situation, which their own officers could not explain to them, did not fight with any enthusiasm, that they often chafed under the orders of foreign officers, and at times were even goaded into insubordination by undeserved taunts and abuse; but Mr. Albertson assures us that under unusually trying conditions they performed their duty with remarkable fidelity and gave a most creditable account of themselves. Perhaps it is just as well that the censorship prevented the sparks of enmity which were here generated from spreading and causing irreparable mischief. But the censorship could not save the British from the consequences of their behavior toward the Russians. It was a display of imperialistic insolence in its most offensive and outrageous form. In July, 1919, after the American contingent had departed, a new and splendidly equipped British force arrived on the scene, boasting that they would "show the Yankees how to lick the Bolos." Its first action was to organize a Russian or Slavo-British army. Since volunteering produced unsatisfactory results, they had recourse to conscription, and every able-bodied man between the ages of seventeen and fifty was forced to enlist. Most of the recruits had had their fill of conscription under Czarist rule and could not be animated to further sacrifices, especially when they saw that their foreign "liberators" were in sympathetic alliance with their old oppressors. Add to this the insufferably overbearing demeanor toward Russian officers, for whom the common epithet was "swine," the severe repressive measures enforced in the occupied territory, the frequent use of the firing squad against those suspected of Bolshevism, the decimations, executions without trial, and other atrocities that Mr. Albertson describes, and the result was what might have been looked for. The Russian soldiers mutinied and went over to the enemy, the civilian population was converted to Bolshevism, and there was nothing for the British army but to decamp, leaving in its wake a surge of hatred which it will require much diplomacy to allay. Perhaps there is also a British side to the story. The "treachery" and unsteadiness of the Russians is what probably colors their view of the events. But such an explanation only betrays the weakness of the position of the invaders, their failure to understand that a Russian has self-respect, dignity, and ideals which have a call upon his loyalty superior to that of foreign muskets. The population was looked upon merely as another load added to the White Man's Burden, another inferior race to be placed under the protecting guns of the British navy. Think what must have been the feelings of the peaceable and humane Russian, whether peasant or intellectual, toward a propaganda built about the size of the British Empire, the strength of the British navy, the growth of the British army since 1914, the charitableness of British royalty, and the severity of the terms to be exacted of Germany. For sheer ineptitude there is nothing in the annals of German diplomacy to surpass this.

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A BRILLIANT, though concise, study of "Leonardo da Vinci" is offered to the public by C. J. Holmes (Oxford University Press). More progress in understanding Leonardo's genius has been made since Ruskin and Pater wrote than has ever been made in the understanding of any great artist; for it is only lately that his scientific work, valuable in itself and the key to his whole life, has been unveiled. From the thousands of pages of notes in his strange mirror-writing patient scholars have at last unfolded what must pass, in quality and in bulk, as one of the most astounding achievements of any life. True, in his research as in his art, he rarely finished anything, but he probed all things with unequalled acumen and tireless labor. Studies of botany and of anatomy, of engineering and of physics, crowd many a page crammed with accurate observation. He proved the revolution of the earth on its axis, by dropping weights from tall towers and observing their tendency to fall to the eastward. He hinted that the sun stood fast and the earth moved. He explained "the old moon in the new moon's lap" as earth-light. He made plans for flying machines, with wings to be worked by the aeronaut's legs. He drafted a design for a submarine, but refused to publish it, fearing that it would be put to piratical uses. In geology he anticipated Lyell, and restored the former geological ages in his mind's eye. Most interesting is the suggestion that the weird backgrounds of many of his paintings "are pictures of the primeval world, when the seas came up to the foot of the mountains, when the plains were occupied by great lakes." Like William James, he began life as a painter and ended it as a psychologist and as a student of *outré* phenomena. His contemporaries painted the body of desire; he painted its soul and called it Mona Lisa, and John the Baptist, and Leda, and Bacchus. His Last Supper is neither eucharistic sacrament nor gorgeous feast, but the study of the psychological reactions of different minds to the Savior's words, "One of you shall betray me." Peter would be fiercely at the traitor's throat, John is sick with sorrow, Thomas is doubting of himself, Judas sits with the cords of his neck tense with suppression of his dreadful purpose. So, in the Adoration of the Magi, "the familiar theme is elevated into an allegory—a criticism almost—of the Christian faith in relation to the world. The bystanders . . . are embodiments of the thoughts and feelings which the miraculous birth might excite in different types of men—rapture, wonder, scrutiny, the desire for further knowledge, cool philosophic contemplation; while in the corner a young warrior, whom some have wished to identify with Leonardo himself, turns aside from them all."

THE sardonic gods of Lord Dunsany's pantheon assembled once and said "Let us call up a man before us that we may laugh in Pegana." In "Tales of Two Hemispheres" (Luce), a new volume of tales by Dunsany, this whimsical, malevolent, stupid gang of deities continues to play cruel practical jokes on mankind. In one tale, a Chinese maiden prays to the river Lo Lang Ho to bring her a lover, but a god of green jade turns jealous and curses the river "after the manner of gods." The stream dries up into an evil-smelling ditch, and the maiden is jerked into oblivion. Another story explains how the dim wits of the gods bungle a just revenge. A pious man on his way to present a lily to the Goddess of Abundance is slain by his enemy, who himself offers the lily to the delighted goddess. The gods are wroth at this and hurl a lightning stroke at the murderer, but it misses its mark and kills a vagabond who is singing songs in the street. The gods are satisfied, however, and their wrath abates. These two tales, it should be noted, do not strike the keynote of the volume, the contents of which are highly miscellaneous. The stories in divers veins are all characteristic of Dunsany, but present no tricks not already familiar to his readers. He includes one tale, The Postman of Otford, which in its suggestion of weird, soul-shaking fear almost rivals such earlier tales as The Hoard of the Gibbelins and How Nuth Would Have Practiced His Art Upon the Gnoles. There is a whimsical humor somewhat suggestive of Barrie that tickles one between the eyes in The Old Green Coat. The author's visit to New York is celebrated in A City of Wonder, a sketch delivered in a kind of bored monotone. It scarcely seems to justify its presence. The second half of the book is freighted with the rich ore of the early dreamer's tales in a trilogy bearing the title Beyond the Fields We Know. Idle Days on the Yann is reprinted with two other new tales which shaped themselves in the same matrix. The use of the shop in Go-By Street as a kind of springboard to bounce the reader into wonderland without waking him is consummate. One's suspension of disbelief is not only willing but eager. The golden dragons whose provender is sapphires we find more credible than dinosaurs, and the caustic wisdom of the old witch's cat seems more profound than any recorded in the literature of mere man.

DUNSANY'S "Unhappy Far-Off Things" (Little, Brown) is a record of the author's impressions upon visiting the old battlefields and the ruined cities and villages of Northern France. He stands upon weedy heaps of ruins watching the young limes ascend the steps of Arras cathedral, or wanders along the road to Bapaume picking up little mementoes of happy peaceful days before the war. His observation seizes upon those aspects of the war's ravages which would naturally kindle a sensitive spirit to a mood of tender melancholy. In the presence of this mood, bitterness and revenge shrink like specters into the uttermost distance. The raw wounds and stark ravages of war which have been gloated upon so brutally by many of the war books are here dissolved as it were in the introspective menstruum of Dunsany's style. The scenes are presented in faded colors subdued to the patient beauty of tapestry. They are mournfully attuned to the mood of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."

DR. ANNA M. GALBRAITH believes that the family, and rather particularly the American family, is in danger, from prostitution, free love, and divorce. "The Great War," however, "by the supreme sacrifice of many millions of men, the very flower of their countries, will cause the purification and regeneration of our race." Some critics find it hard to see how the death of millions of fathers and potential fathers can greatly purify or regenerate the race. But it is not for the critical, we presume, that Dr. Galbraith has written "The Family and the New Democracy" (Saunders). Novices in the literature of sex (to which, in spite of its self-conscious title, the book belongs), will find in it a larger amount of historical information than is customary in popular treatises, an occasional sensible sociological opinion, and useful hygienic advice. It is only the critical who will realize what a hodge-podge Dr. Galbraith's volume is. From a respectable collection of works on sex and the family she has gathered sentences and paragraphs and pitchforked them blithely together, taking but moderate trouble to make them agree even in doctrine, much less in tone or temper, and being painfully chary of quotation marks. Observe this passage, chosen at random among many which the reviewer has noted: "In primitive times woman was a form of booty; she was the prey of conquerors in war and the prize of the successful single rival in private combat. She had every reason to be on her guard against the brutality of the male in sexual matters. Thus a dread of the male, that is to say, of men in general, has come to dominate her life." Compare it with a passage from "Sexual Ethics" by Professor Michels, whom Dr. Galbraith does not refer to in this connection, though elsewhere she casually calls him now *Michel*, now *Michelis:* "[Modesty] is most intimately connected with the fact that in primitive times woman was a form of booty. Woman was the prey of the conqueror in wars and raids, and the prize of the successful rival in single combat. She had every reason to be on her guard against the brutality of the male in sexual matters. Thus a dread of the male, that is to say, a dread of men in general, has

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come to dominate her life." Really, there ought to be a sharper line drawn between the treatise and the anthology.

FEW members of the tribe that writes book notes seem to understand that William Dean Howells's "Hither and Thither in Germany" (Harpers) is a new work only in the sense that it has been newly lifted out of the mellow pages of "Their Silver Wedding Journey" of twenty years ago. The deftest hand which ever drove an American pen has here cut away the meandering narrative of the original and has kept the descriptive parts—varying an orthodox tendency of fiction to throw overboard all description and outrun the wind under bare poles. But what description this of Mr. Howells's—as easy as an eagle, as flexible as a serpent, as natural and clear as a brook going about its business! The shadowed plight of mankind at the moment makes sunniness seem archaic; all the more fun then to come upon an author who smiles sunnily even at the Germans. After our recent rages there seems to be something of the salt of civilization is in such a passage as this: "On one hand their windows looked toward a basin of the Elbe, where stately white swans were sailing; and on the other to the new Rathhaus, over the trees that deeply shaded the perennial mud of a cold, dim public garden, where water-proof old women and impervious nurses sat, and children played in the long twilight of the sour, rain-soaked summer of the fatherland. It was all picturesque, and withindoors there was the novelty of the meager carpets and stalwart furniture of the Germans, and their beds, which after so many ages of Anglo-Saxon satire, remain immutably preposterous."

MEETING even in print "the most charming literary American of today" ought to leave on the memory some deposit of the writer's distinctive traits. But one closes Mr. Christopher Morley's latest volume of sketches, essays, and humorous bits, "Mince Pie" (Doran), with a sense of having met the correct costume of a familiar essayist without having discovered a personality behind the costume. Mr. Morley is suitably loquacious and ready to take us into his confidence, only he does not seem to have many secrets to impart. This is especially true of his set-pieces of humor, which rely on mechanical devices, and those not of the latest model, rather than on the writer's insight or whim. In the longer papers there is much that awakens pleasant recollections: a fondness for intimate authors, whether Boswell, or Lamb, or Stevenson; a delight in books both old and new; a sense for flavorous oddities in human nature, though generally for such oddities as have been previously noted; a facile and dexterous invention of phrase. Yet it is hard to find any one passage in the book of which one may say with assurance: "Here is the man himself." This lack of tang is the more apparent since Mr. Morley frequently sets himself to freshen well-worn themes. One piece of excellent objective satire, the paper on Visiting Poets, rises above journalistic grooves. It sets down with wicked precision the conversation of a very young English bard, who remarks in part: "You know style isn't something you can borrow from some one else; it's the unconscious revelation of a man's own personality. . . . Pity you have so few poets over here. . . . They don't seem to be expressing the spirit, the fine exhilaration, of American life at all. If I had my way, I'd make every one in America read Rabelais and Madame Bovary." This has much point, if only as a modern appendix to Lowell's On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners. Mr. Morley, in fact, suffers heavily from the depredations of his predecessors.

LACE has been the "flower of Belgium" for centuries. Even some of the laces supposed to have been made in Venice were really produced in Flanders. In the sixteenth century, laws were passed prohibiting any child over twelve from making lace in Belgium for fear the supply of domestic servants would be imperiled. This put the whole industry into the hands of children, and although these laws were later modified to include older workers the conditions involving child labor, deficient education, and long hours remained deplorable. "Bobbins in Belgium" (Funk and Wagnalls), by Charlotte Kellogg, the only woman member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, is an admirable and absorbing account of her visits to twelve lace-making towns in Belgium and also of the remarkable work done by the Brussels Lace Committee and the Amies de la Dentelle during the war in providing work for thousands of lace-makers in spite of German attempts to suppress and capture the industry. There were signs of a renaissance of the decorative arts before the war, and Queen Elizabeth had befriended the workers. However, there are still lace schools where the children work from 5.30 a. m. to 8 p. m. with only three half-hours for recreation. Emancipation will have to come through education. But as the "age-old patience" of the dentellières has been born of a certain ignorance and isolation, some of the more delicate and difficult laces like Malines are fast disappearing under present conditions, in spite of the efforts of the committee, and are being replaced by laces more quickly made, bringing larger returns. The book contains much valuable technical detail, including many illustrations of lace patterns, but also gives vivid pictures of convent life and the sturdy Franciscan sisters as they pass on the secrets of their exquisite craft to their young charges.

THE "Universitatum et Eminentium Scholarum Index Generalis; Annuaire Général des Universités; The Yearbook of the Universities" (Gauthier-Villars), compiled under the direction of R. de Montessus de Ballore and published "avec l'encouragement du ministère de l'instruction publique," pretends by its title to be an international academic directory and guidebook; presumably it aspires to replace the German "Minerva." The inclusiveness of the apparatus is ostensibly implied by the list of the countries and institutions embraced. Honduras, for instance, is represented by the University of Tegucigalpa; also the "Royal and Pontifical" University of St. Thomas is named; neither Waseda University nor Temple University have been omitted from the catalogue. In view of the pretended completeness it is well nigh incredible that the prospectus omits the merest mention of Germany and Austria, and that evidently no notice is to be taken by the "Index Generalis" of the scientific and educational activities of the Central-European republics. Chauvinism, of the most obtuse and devastating sort, could hardly squat in the sun more broadly. The war on the language, literature, music, and art of the Germans was fairly comprehensible in America. Experienced and practical England disdained that kind of warfare. If the French literary enterprise here in question represents fairly the general spirit of France, then that spirit is sadly at odds with the universal desire for settlement and order, and France's own immemorial claims to enlightenment.

THE Independent Labor Party in England has just published a booklet by E. D. Morel, entitled "Pre-War Diplomacy—Fresh Revelations," with a preface by Philip Snowden. Most of this material has appeared in *Foreign Affairs*, edited by Mr. Morel and issued monthly by the League for Democratic Control. Mr. Morel considers critically the documents published by the Soviet Government in the spring of 1919 on the pre-war activities of the Russian Foreign Office. With these as a basis, and with the aid of the German White Book presented to the Peace Conference; the book by the former Serbian attaché at Berlin, Bogitschevitch, entitled "Causes of the War"; the new Yellow Book of the French Government, containing an account of the origin of the Franco-Russian military and naval alliances; and the recent publications of Earl Loreburn and Lord Haldane, Mr. Morel comes to the conclusion that the real causes of the war are to be found fully as much in Russia and France as in Germany and that the Russian mobilization was merely the

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logical conclusion to the secret Russian diplomacy carried on primarily by Sazonov and Izvolski. It was clear to Mr. Morel from the beginning of the war that all of the belligerent governments were guilty. He knew this from his long study of secret diplomacy. In his "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy" he let appear in unanswerable fashion, and upon the basis of documents, the intrigues and the irresponsibility of the European governments in relation to Morocco. In his book on the war, which he published at the outbreak, "Truth and the War," he included a number of speeches and papers, the general theory of which is borne out most strikingly by his newest studies. It is interesting to note that his "Truth and the War" was not permitted to leave England under the British censorship.

"WOMEN'S WAGES" (Columbia University), by Dr. Emilie Hutchinson, is encouraging in its wholesome lack of optimism. Miss Hutchinson discusses chiefly minimum wage laws, with a chapter each for trade unionism and vocational education. Data as to the effects of minimum wage laws are meager. There have been only two passable investigations of their operation in the United States: that of the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission, which in 1915 reviewed with some complacency the effect of its own decisions of 1913; and that of the United States Bureau of Labor, which made a study of the minimum wage law in Oregon when the law had been in effect only during two years of industrial depression. But it does appear that wage laws here and in England and Australasia have not had the consequences which their opponents predicted; and that among the younger workers at least they have raised wage rates. Wage rates, as Miss Hutchinson points out, are insignificant without some regularity of employment; nevertheless she concludes that minimum wage legislation (based on thorough investigation) "promises the most immediate and far-reaching changes in the wage-scale." Any improvement in industrial status which the minimum wage may bring will promote the tendency to voluntary organization; and it is to more adequate preparation for wage-earning and the demands of organized working women themselves that we must look for "the most enduring gains, if they are to be achieved at all."

"THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD NEIGHBOR" (Macmillan) consists of desultory notes, mainly about French women and children in the war, by Dr. Esther Lovejoy, a representative in France in 1917 of the American Medical Women's National Association. Miss Lovejoy is one of the wholesome people whose ideas conflict but never meet. She is a kind woman, who believes ardently in birth control; yet she is also ardent about economic encouragement to the production of babies for the army. "Motherhood," she repeats, "is the fundamental military service"; and she is capable of elaborating a grisly joke about the "infant industry." Of the fall of Jerusalem to the English she says "the Star of the Allies had risen in the East, the Holy City had been given us as a token that Peace should be established upon the Earth." But on French plumbing she is delightful; and as for French fresh air—"since the passing of windmills and sailing ships there has been little use for the fresh air."

WORKMANLIKE studies of American trade unions and their policies are by no means plentiful enough. On this account alone, students of labor problems will welcome "The Journeyman Tailors' Union of America: A Study in Trade Union Policy" (University of Illinois), by Charles Jacob Stowell. The union in question is neither a large nor an important one, but it is of peculiar interest because it exists in that group of trades where organization of hand artisans took place at the very beginning of the modern labor movement, and where the unions have met with increasing difficulties on account of the supplanting of their crafts by large-scale machine industry. While the full and detailed treatment of the methods and results of collective bargaining is of technical and historical importance, the most significant part of the volume is that dealing with the movement toward industrial unionism. Here the author shows a firm grasp of the essential details, as far as the Journeyman Tailors are concerned, but fails to make the complete analysis of the machine industry which would have established the connection between the "radicalism" of the new industrial unions and their growth and success.

THE judgment of the American public upon business is "not one which can be handled lightly or without the accumulation of much detailed information," according to the foreword of "Armour and Company, 1920" (Armour). This opinion is seconded by Mr. J. Ogden Armour himself, who writes: "There is only one way to arrive at the truth about the cost of meat, and that is to study the problem in its entirety." In an effort to supply the public with the facts, Armour and Company have therefore issued this 32-page booklet. It contains five colored illustrations, in the Congressional Library style, of "Vision," "Science-Skill," "Distribution," "Enlightenment," and "Achievement," a page of photographs of the directors, eight blank pages, and a number of moral sentiments about the usefulness of big business and its pathetic need of public approval. There is no bibliography, and no mention anywhere of the voluminous reports of the Federal Trade Commission.

MUST a saint or hero be all sugar, without spice or salt? Miss Ida M. Tarbell seems to think so still more in her imaginary conversation "In Lincoln's Chair" (Macmillan) than she did a dozen years ago in "He Knew Lincoln." The moment she leaves the cold path of history she falls into the most abandoned myth-making. Billy Brown, druggist of Springfield, is shown talking about Lincoln's religion—that obscure and difficult theme—with a confiding ignorance and an evangelical whimper which leave unhinted both the gleaming edge of Lincoln's skepticism and the great depths of his faith, and which throw into lamentable contrast certain quotations from him which here rise up like mountainous boulders from a tepid stream. In the hands of the better poets the Lincoln legend has latterly been losing the odor of the Sunday school no less than that of the smoking-room, but Miss Tarbell goes back. Treacle is all she uses to make her icon.

Notes and News

On January 24 *The Nation*, commenting editorially on the New York *Times's* merry habit of contradicting its news in its headlines, made some guesses at how the *Times* would probably announce such a matter, say, as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. "More than likely," that editorial concluded, "its heavy headline on the Gettysburg occasion would have been 'Everett Delivers Masterly Oration'; and a sub-head would have announced that 'President Lincoln Also Spoke.'" A hardy contributor has dived into the files of the *Times* and has brought up pearls. We were truer than we knew. The actual headlines for November 20, 1863, were as follows: "A Solemn and Imposing Event. Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. Immense Numbers of Visitors. Oration by Hon. Edward Everett. Speeches of President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and Governor Seymour." The address by Everett was given in full; and it was elaborately analyzed as a "classic and ornate oration." No comment on Lincoln's speech was thought necessary, but the day before there had been this much about it: "President Lincoln's brief address was delivered in a clear, loud tone of voice, which could be distinctly heard at the extreme limits of the large assemblage. It was delivered (or rather read from a sheet of paper which the speaker held in his hand) in a very deliberate manner, with strong emphasis, and a most business-like air."

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It is but just to the *Times* to say that it was in good New York company by such obtuseness. The *Herald* published the full text of Everett's speech and omitted Lincoln's, without, indeed, any other reference to the President than to say he had been at the cemetery. The *Tribune* gave the full text of both speches but obviously saw nothing particular in Lincoln's.

The Director of the Berne International Copyright Convention has written the London *Publishers' Circular* a letter to the effect that during the war German publishers, so far as the Convention has been able to discover, respected the copyright of books by Allied authors and did no pirating. The Austrian publishers, who did commit various acts of piracy, were not members of the Convention.

Lord Fisher's "Memories and Records," reviewed by *The Nation* February 14 from the English edition, has been published in this country by Doran.

Drama

The German Theater of Today

THERE is a saying current in Vienna now: two places are crowded—the graveyards and the theaters. It is true of all the German-speaking countries. Their theater has survived a disastrous war; it is surviving despair and bitter famine. And it does so because for many years and to many thousands it has been a source of neither mere amusement nor mere instruction but, as expression and liberation, an integral part of the life process itself. In a typical theatrical season before the war we find Sudermann, to be sure, leading all living playwrights with 1,344 performances. But Shakespeare surpasses him with 1,484 and Schiller with 1,381. Hauptmann leads the great moderns with 800 performances and Ibsen follows him with 600. Plays by Goethe, Lessing, Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Björnson, Hartleben, and Dreyer total far over 2,000 performances. And that theater was then and is now guided and interpreted by a criticism of high and, at times, almost perverse severity. The reviewers on the chief daily papers—Eloesser, Weitbrecht, Kerr, Bab—watch themselves with jealous strictness. The luxury of a concession to the flabby or the false is unknown.

In a recent volume, full of a somber intellectual energy to the brim, Julius Bab* chronicles the chief happenings on the German stage from 1911 to 1919. These years mark, primarily, the passing of naturalism. Halbe and Hirschfeld continued to write, but their inner development had ceased. Hauptmann, long drawing closer to the poet within himself, became a master and leader of the youngest generation. Schnitzler and Schönherr, to both of whom Bab is less than just, wrote plays in their characteristic moods which had never been those of the consistent naturalists of the North. But the early neo-romantics who, influenced by Maeterlinck and the Viennese lyrists, led the first revolt against naturalism, faded in their turn. Or all but one. For in "Ariadne auf Naxos" the vision of Hofmannsthal deepened and his verse gained clarity without losing richness or magic. Among the older men who kept their position firmly and whose works the unquiet youth of these fateful years held to be, in a more intimate sense, its own, was Herbert Eulenberg, the poetic psychologist of doom and of excessive passion, and the cold, perverse, essentially uncreative Frank Wedekind.

The exact character of Wedekind's power over the younger generation can be best observed in the plays of Carl Sternheim and Georg Kaiser. Both have richer natures. But what Wedekind taught them was how to attain dramatic range through speed. He broke up the dramatic continuity which he con-

* *Der Wille zum Drama.* Von Julius Bab. Berlin: Oesterheld und Compagnie.

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sidered as but productive of a futile illusion and sought sweep, variety, and also concentration by lifting his characters at crucial and frankly isolated moments out of the darkness into a strong and sudden light. Within these apparently random scenes hurled on the stage he likewise makes no effort to produce an illusion of reality. All gestures become symbols; all speech races toward its ultimate significance. A terrible yet hopeless avidness after the meaning of life dominates this drama, and under its cold cynicism you feel a stifled moan of pain. There is, for instance, Georg Kaiser's "Von Morgens bis Mitternachts." It was successfully produced last winter by Reinhardt in Berlin; the production of an English version by Ashley Dukes is promised by the Incorporated Stage Society of London. A woman's perfume stirs a middle-aged bank cashier out of the lethargy of his life. He steals sixty thousand marks. In snowy fields he meets Death and makes a compact for a day's grace. He glances into his home to confirm within himself the conviction of its death in life. He goes to seek ecstasy, fulfilment, liberation. At a great automobile race the crowd seems to soar beyond itself. But His Highness appears, the national anthem is sung, and the crowd withers into a herd. The cashier drifts to a public ball and finds no ecstasy of the flesh but sodden barter and sale. He seeks "the infinite liberation from slavery and from reward" at a meeting of the Salvation Army and meets chafferers over shop-worn emotions. He races to the black cross stitched on coarse hangings in that hall and shoots himself. "His moaning sputters forth an *Ecce*, his last breath gurgles a *Homo*." He is a martyr to the meaningless monotony, the commonness, and slavery of life.

The "Expressionisten" share the speed technique of Wedekind, Sternheim, and Kaiser. But they seek to present man solely in terms of his inner conflicts. Only the protagonist exists. The other characters, as in Wilhelm Hasenclever's important and influential "Der Sohn," are but his subjective visions of reality which, streaming back upon himself, determine his fate. A kindlier interpretation of life, and one less stripped of actual things and circumstances, is offered by Wilhelm Schmidtbonn; a nobler one, in the older sense, by the admirable but pathetically futile neo-classicists Paul Ernst and Wilhelm von Scholz. A little apart from these movements, yet honored within them all, stands Gerhart Hauptmann, whose "Winterballade" seeks in an old Swedish legend the inner meaning of human sin and atonement, whose "Der weisse Heiland" and "Indipohdi" summon Prospero from the land of death and dream to lament over a ruined world.

The serious German war plays are all anti-war plays. Carl Hauptmann's "Krieg," written before the outbreak of the conflict, predicts the destruction of human nobility and goodness through the nature of war itself; Stefan Zweig's "Jeremias" gives voice to the grief and despair of those thousands of Germans whose imaginative insight and human feeling isolated them amid the tribal orgies of 1914; Hans Franck's "Freie Knechte" exhibits the tragedy of the enslavement wrought by war upon man among the peasants of the Northern coast; Julius Maria Becker's passion play, "Das letzte Gericht," tears asunder the delusion that war is part of the inherent fate of man and not a product of the murderous greed of a few for power; Fritz von Unruh, a Junker and a Prussian officer, embodies in the turbid passion of "Ein Geschlecht" an unsurpassable horror of the self-laceration of mankind.

The war plays have already faded a little from view. Neither Kaiser nor Schmidtbonn nor Zweig is of the stature of the men in the generation that came before theirs. But what still distinguishes the German theater is its unfailing sense of the identity of art and life. All reputable dramatists write to project the sense of life that is in them—the passion and the vision that must, somehow, be uttered. Hence they insist that the physical theater be their servant and not their master, and they have the cooperation of the leading managers in all the cities of Germany. Criticism accepts every technical innovation and simply asks whether it served the dramatic intention involved.

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International Relations Section

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The New Land Law in Greece

THE Greek Chamber, according to M. Charles Vellay, writing in the *Temps* (Paris) for April 5, has just passed a far-reaching agrarian law based upon certain decrees issued by M. Venizelos when he was still at Salonica as the head of a government opposed to King Constantine. The laws are based upon a vote of the Hellenic Chamber in 1911, when it recognized the right of the state to intervene in the system of rural property holding and instructed the government to take steps to solve the agrarian problem. The following summary of the law is condensed from M. Vellay's account.

The great rural estates are to disappear and be replaced by small peasant holdings. The expropriation, however, will apply to only two-thirds of each estate unless the remaining third would be more than 100 hectares (247 acres) which is considered the maximum which a single landowner can effectively administer.

The land will not be distributed directly to individuals. Those wishing to purchase land are to form associations with which the state will deal. This is to encourage cooperative associations, for it is believed that only such organizations can provide a substitute for the initiative and energy of the large landholders. There will be a preference in turn for peasants living on the estates, for widows with at least one son, for peasants who have lived on the estate within ten years, for farmers in neighboring villages who have insufficient land, and for immigrants specially designated by the Minister of Agriculture. Artisans established on the estate who ply necessary trades will also have the right to a house and garden.

Each member of an association buying land will receive a holding considered sufficient to support a family—from eight to fifteen hectares according to the region. This property then becomes inalienable, it cannot be mortgaged, and neither the peasant nor his heirs can subdivide it. It will be paid for by instalments, which may stretch over thirty years.

The method of expropriation is simple and rapid. A royal decree, issued upon recommendation of the Minister of Agriculture, indicates lands to which the law is to be applied. A special commission fixes the indemnity to be allowed the owner. Contests go to a regional court, from whose decision no appeal can be made. This decision goes into effect immediately. Payment is made, not in kind, but in specially guaranteed state bonds.

Naturally so thoroughgoing a reform is much attacked. Three chief objections are made: (1) that the law is a direct attack upon the principle of property—to which its partisans reply, *salus populi suprema lex;* (2) that the indemnity is unfair because it is based upon a maximum of 30 per cent over the prewar value and takes insufficient account of the depreciation of money and of improvements made upon property; and (3) that such division of property will favor routine methods of culture and discourage long experiments, intensive cultivation, and scientific methods—to which the government replies that it will encourage and aid agricultural associations, and that lands which are well cultivated will at least not be the first to be expropriated.

Land Reform in Sicily

THE following summary of the land situation in Sicily is condensed from three articles which appeared in the *Journal des Debats* (Paris) on April 3, 9, and 12.

While some of the Sicilian land, belonging to the royal domain or to ecclesiastical estates was, as much as 150 years ago, turned over to the peasants either as property or on long term leases, tremendous estates, called *feudi*, have remained in the hands of single individuals. Together these fiefs constitute *latifondi*. At least half of the land in Sicily is in the hands of a thousand proprietors, many of them foreigners, such as the Duke of Bivona or the descendants of Lord Nelson; others live at Naples or at Rome, far from their lands. Many proprietors have never seen their holdings; the administration is left in the hands of a chief farmer, called the *gabelotto* or *feudatorio*. He divides the land into strips which he rents to the peasants, either as *gabella*, in which case a fixed money rent is paid, or as *mezzadria*, for which a portion of the crop, varying according to the region, but usually amounting to half, is paid. These chief farmers are a greedy lot, inaccessible to considerations of public interest.

The peasants live in the cities and often walk eight or ten miles each way to and from their work every day. Villages are rare in Sicily; there is no water, there are few roads, and no public safety. The return of the peasants to a Sicilian city at night is a strange picture: a long parade of men and boys—the Sicilian women do not work in the fields—some mounted on donkeys, most afoot, each with a gun slung over one shoulder and a water-skin over the other, carrying tools and often a bundle of dead wood and a sack containing fruits and vegetables, and endlessly singing endless songs.

The Sicilian peasant is an individualist, very different from the peasant of the Romagna. In the Romagna the collective spirit is strong, and Bolshevism has its chance; the peasants attack property and production. In Sicily the peasant is monarchist and Catholic and a conservative; he wants the land for himself and for himself alone. The so-called collective system of renting is collective only in the form of contract, not in form of cultivation; the peasants draw lots and each works the piece of land allotted to him as an individual.

The only attempts at cooperation which have succeeded in Sicily have been introduced by the priests. It was a Venetian priest, don Cerrutti, who founded the first rural credit funds in the island about 1890. At first these funds were simply credit banks; they took in the peasants' money and lent it back at a reasonable interest, establishing a check upon the usurious ways of the *gabellotti*. Then they bought fertilizers and sold them at cost; then established traveling instruction in agriculture. Finally they grew into associations capable of replacing the chief farmers and renting directly from the landowners, sub-letting without profit to the peasants. Some of these funds now have a capital of three to five million lire.

Rash promises were made to the peasants when they were in the trenches, and trouble has resulted on their return. They expected that the land would be distributed. At Castrogiovanni they refused to sow the soil, and have suffered in consequence. At Ribera they attempted peacefully to buy the lands of the Duke of Bivona—some of the peasants profiting by the rise in prices have, where the *gabellotti* have not raised the rents, been able to accumulate money reserves—but the Duke, upon the insistence of his chief farmers, refused. A mob sur-

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rounded his palace and broke down the doors. The Spanish Duke went down to meet them, the rumor spread that he had agreed to sell, and he was carried in triumph through the streets of the town, while another group of peasants, who had not heard the rumor, came up to the palace from another direction, sacked it and then sacked homes of other members of the nobility. The rumor turned out to be false, but the Duke had escaped. However, the government applied the Visocchi Decree, authorizing the expropriation of lands insufficiently cultivated, to two of his fiefs, and they will be taken over by a group of peasants.

Meanwhile various projects of land distribution are being discussed at Rome. It is assumed that some project for distribution in Sicily will certainly be passed, although huge *latifondi* are common in all southern Italy. The agricultural population, however, is nowhere so dense as in Sicily.

The Socialists envisage simple expropriation of the large estates without any indemnity to the proprietors, and subsequent distribution among the peasants. This is pure confiscation. The project of the Radicals, worked out by M. Giufrida, is to divide all estates of more than 200 hectares (about 500 acres). Its opponents object that a distinction should be made between garden farms, grain lands, and pasturage; that there is a great difference in the quality of large estates; and that many large estates have only one set of barns, and that if this were left to the landowner the peasants would be ruined.

The Catholic People's Party has presented a more modest project which seems to win more general support. The Catholics think it would be unwise to attempt to divide all the large Sicilian estates into small lots at once. There are large estates which are well cultivated by their owners, and where the condition of the peasants is satisfactory; where neither the social nor the economic interest requires a change. Any piece of land of more than 500 hectares (about 1,250 acres) intended for extensive cultivation, and which has not been improved but is capable of improvement, is considered as a *latifondo*, according to this project, and would be divided if within six miles of an inhabited city or two miles of a railroad station. Landowners who might be expropriated according to this act could offer their lands directly to the organizations charged with distribution and deal directly with them. In many cases the expropriated lands would go to peasants' associations, which already have sufficient financial and technical means to develop them as collective properties.

It is hoped that when this first zone, near the inhabited centers, is cultivated, provided with water and roads, and dotted with villages, more distant zones may in turn be transformed. It seems probable that the Government, which is indebted to the Catholic Party, will support this project.

A Socialist Protest Against Land Reform

THE following attack upon the proposed land distribution law is part of an appeal printed in the *Völkerbund*, a German socialist weekly published at Prague, Czecho-Slovakia.

Whoever talks of land reform as in the proposed law is a traitor to the proletariat. Socialism today means determination and duty to increase agricultural production. Parcelling up the large estates means stealing the daily bread of the proletariat.

Cottagers and small peasants waste as much as they produce. Middle-class peasants produce more than they use, but as they usually do their own work no one knows how much they hide, the officials cannot seize their product, and they give up only a part of it at the legal prices and sell the rest secretly. With new stockings full of paper money they are demoralized by fine cloth and city luxuries. They supply the sweetened rolls and pastry for the middle class profiteers, but they contribute very little to the nourishment of the people, and hasten economic collapse.

It is the large landed property which produces for the proletariat. It can hide nothing. All its products are brought into the cities and sold at the legal prices. With the exception of what is stolen between the threshing and the baker, all the grain goes to the proletariat as bread. Proof:

	Cultivated acreage in Bohemia 1918	Quantity of grain delivered (in tons)	Quantity which should have been delivered
All Bohemian farmers.....	2,994,568	306,001	741,418
1754 large landed properties	455,028	112,677	112,677

Proportionately, then, the large landed properties delivered three times as much grain as the average peasant. . . .

Swedish Agriculture and the Strike

FROM various sources pressure is being brought on the Swedish Government to prevent agricultural unrest and the danger of strikes. The following article dealing with the efforts of an important group of land-owning agriculturists to secure government aid is taken from *Folkets Dagblad Politiken* (Stockholm), the Left Socialist organ.

Last Wednesday (the 17th of March) representatives of a notable agricultural society called upon the Minister of Agriculture, and on behalf of their society solicited the interference of the council (1) to prevent the use of strikes, and (2) to urge the enactment of a suitable wage law, which will make strikes impossible, and compel both parties to recognize and abide by the decision of a board of arbitration that determines the wage on the basis of a justly calculated productivity of the soil in question.

In the petition which the deputation presented to the Minister, it was pointed out that despite the wage agreements of last year for farm laborers, there was a more or less open agitation to break these agreements the coming spring. It seemed to be the purpose to resort to a "sowing-strike" in order to force higher wages and establish the "moving time" on the 25th of April, the time for beginning the spring work.

The society does not, however, by its proposition make any direct attack on either labor unions or justified compensation. The society readily recognizes the right of union and respects the organizations of workmen. The representatives declared that it was for their own interest to have their laborers on a par with those of other occupations in matters pertaining to compensation and standards of living. But in order to make this possible, in order to be enabled to bear the higher wages, state protection of agriculture is requested. Otherwise, when the prices of farm produce fall simultaneously with an increased cost of production, agriculture will face a crisis that may mean the ruin of our chief source of livelihood and compel the farmers to seek other fields of labor. These threatening economic conditions, and the danger of a harvest strike, will besides cause such an extensive change in the farming efficiency that there will be grave danger, lest the country pass out of its self-supporting status because of lessened production.

It is further pointed out that agriculture is an industry which is too delicate and important to be exposed to strikes, under any conditions whatever. The very fact that a strike may break out at any time will have a retarding and paralyzing effect on farming. It must be established once for all that farming occupies an entirely different position with respect to the right to strike from other industries. Nor can farmers make use of the customary weapon in manufacturing industries, namely the lockout.

The Minister of Agriculture declared that he sympathized with the views set forth, but that it was impossible to present any bill on the matter to the Riksdag now in session, because of lack of time. The whole wage question is large and difficult,

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but the Minister assured the delegates that he understood completely the standpoint taken in the petition, and the dangerous consequences to agriculture of a strike. He promised to direct his attention to the situation and to confer with the other cabinet members about the matter.

The above is really worthy of some attention. A deputation, consisting solely of large landowners, calls upon a Social-Democratic minister and solicits measures which may restrict or entirely prohibit the laborers' right to strike. And the Social-Democratic minister says he sympathizes with the viewpoint presented by the deputation and promises to bring the matter before his colleagues to determine their views concerning the measures that may eventually be necessary. . . .

We believe that the proposition of this delegation is unique in Sweden. In this country there have been no legal restrictions against the use of the strike; no unwilling laborer could ever be compelled by direct law to work. It is only now, under a Right Socialist regime, that the landowners dare come forward with a suggestion that agricultural laborers be compelled by law and police regulations to work. A compliance with this request would lead to veritable penitentiary conditions. Once such stipulations are enacted, what would prevent them from being applied in other fields of labor? The laborer would become the serf of the Swedish state. . . .

Land Distribution in Esthonia

THE survey printed below of landed property in Esthonia is taken from the *Esthonian Review* for March 25.

The distribution of landed property in Esthonia is today as follows:

All land is legally divided into: (1) property of nobles; (2) crown property; (3) municipal property; (4) church property.

All properties inscribed in the public land register on the register of mortgages, are counted as nobles' property under the simple heading of "nobles' property." These possessions can be divided into three categories: (*a*) *moisamaa*, land of which the person in possession is the proprietor with full proprietary rights; (*b*) *kvoty* or *kuuendikumaa* (sixth part of the share of the peasant which is similar to *moisamaa*); and (*c*) the land of the peasant. The owner of *moisamaa* land can dispose of it as he pleases. The *kvoty* in the south of Esthonia and the *kuuendikumaa* in the north, is that portion of land which was allotted to the peasants after compulsory labor was abolished in 1849, and which was intended to endow the farm laborers and to extend the system of *moisamaa* land.

The owner of "peasant land" can, while it is in his possession, exploit it and use it for his own ends, but he has no right to dispose of any of it except by selling or hiring it to members of the rural commune in which the land is situated. Inherited property in towns is subject to special treatment under the administration of the local municipal authorities and also to special regulations regarding taxation and management. Church property comes under the heading of what is called *widme*, that is to say land which proceeds from gifts; it is the property of the parish in which it is situated. The nobles possess 755 properties totaling an area of 1,677,268 dessiatines, representing 79.2 per cent of the surface available for agriculture. The other classes —merchants, peasants, townsmen—hold 11,722 properties, yielding a total area of 442,497 dessiatines, or 20.9 per cent of the whole of these lands. 21,562 *talud* (plots of ground surrounding peasants' houses) have been bought back by the latter from their proprietors. The cultivated portions of these plots amount to 912,334 dessiatines or 27.7 [per cent] of cultivated ground.

During the last ten years the State Bank of Land Credit, which was founded especially for the peasants, and certain other private land banks, joined together to enable the peasants to obtain local credit and to buy back land. The activities of these banks have now spread over the whole of the country, but precise statistics of their operations are not at the public's disposal.

It can be inferred from the above that Esthonia is a highly cultivated country, as the least numerous class—the German-Baltic nobles—possess alone almost 60 per cent of the landed property. The approximative area in the hands of the nobility is estimated at more than 2,300 hectares and frequently more than a single estate is in the possession of one family. The rural population owns about 30 per cent of the land, the smallest holdings of the peasants being from twenty-five to forty hectares and, under certain conditions, can be considered sufficient to allow of reasonable development. Small properties of only ten hectares are to be found close to the towns where market gardening offers enough profit for the owner to subsist; in the greatest number of cases, however, the tenant of one of these small holdings supplements his resources with outside work. He is employed during the day on some neighboring estate or on forest work.

The total area of forests in Esthonia, according to the estimates of the Forestry Department in 1914 (which differ a little from those supplied by the local administrations because the latter include the areas covered by shrubs), is 688,261 dessiatines or 751,925 hectares 14 ares.

84.4 per cent of the total forest area belongs to the landed proprietors, who hold almost three-quarters of the agricultural land. Then comes the state with 13.1 per cent, then the towns and the churches with 2.4 per cent, and lastly the peasants with only 0.1 per cent of the total surface.

Agricultural development in Esthonia, both that of the proprietors and that of the peasants, is relatively intensive. In all cases the rotation of crops is the principal system of cultivation. Agriculture has progressed, particularly in the south of the country.

Agricultural work is carried out with the best implements; on all estates and on nearly all peasant land, sowing machines are used, steam plows, reaping machines, threshing machines, etc. The peasants, in order to procure these costly implements, have formed associations among themselves. In 1915, these societies numbered about 1,000. The use of artificial manure is almost universal on the large as well as on the smaller agricultural estates. According to the figures given by the agricultural census of 1916, organized by the Minister of Agriculture with the help of various local institutions, the total surface of ground under process of cultivation was 669,341 dessiatines (489,623 dessiatines for small estates and 179,718 for large).

Czecho-Slovakia and Russian Recognition

THE Czech press has for a long time expressed the conviction that the security of their newly-formed state lies not with the Entente, nor with the League of Nations, but with Russia. But the Government was divided with regard to its policy toward Russia. Dr. Kramar, the former Prime Minister and now leader of the Bourgeois Party, believed that Russia whether reactionary or radical must ultimately come under German domination and thus be of no material help to Czecho-Slovakia; that, on the other hand, a liberal democratic Russia would be inclined to work with the Entente and be of aid and protection to Czecho-Slovakia. Dr. Kramar, without the approval of his Government, made a trip to Odessa for this purpose in the autumn of 1919 to get into direct touch with the Denikin-Kolchak group.

But the recent successes of Soviet Russia have emboldened the Czech press and also tended to increase official goodwill in Prague toward the Lenin government, especially in view of the growing strength of radicalism and bolshevism at home. The present Czech Government is catering to the

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radicals. Prime Minister Tusar's organs, *Pravo Lidu* and *Vecernik*, are strongly for Russia's present rulers and friendship with them, although Tusar is disclaiming any responsibility for the editorial policy of his papers. The Moravian organ of the Czech Socialist Party, *Socialisticka Budoucznost*, is frankly out for communism and the soviet system. The Czech people look upon their acquisition of the province of Russinia as a connecting link with Russia's people, guaranteeing them against aggression from either Germany or Hungary.

The Czech Social Democratic Party at its meeting in February unanimously adopted a resolution calling for peace with Soviet Russia and the early initiation of negotiations with the government of Lenin. The resolution of the Social Democrats carries tremendous weight in the country, since the party numbers nearly 600,000 adherents, and four of its members are in the present coalition cabinet—Prime Minister Tusar, Minister of Education Harbman, Minister of Public Works Hampl, and Minister of Social Welfare Winter—while F. Tomasek, the party's secretary, is now president of the National Assembly. Among the party's effective leaders prominent in national affairs are also Dr. Smeral, Joseph Stivin, editor of *Pravo Lidu*, Anton Nemetz, and Dr. Soukup. The last-named was Minister of Justice in the country's first cabinet.

The substance of the resolution, taken from the *Prager Tagblatt* of February 16, 1920, was as follows:

A unanimous resolution for peace with Russia was adopted by the members at a great meeting held on Saturday last by the representatives of the political and cooperative organizations.

Reference was made in the resolution to efforts which are being made by the Czech working class to the end that the position of the Soviets may not be disturbed by any forcible intervention on the part of the Czecho-Slovak Republic as advocated by capitalistic reaction, of which Dr. Kramar is the representative. The following demands were made:

The Czecho-Slovak government is to enter into peace negotiations with Soviet Russia at once, and the government of the working class in that country is to be recognized by the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

Representatives of the Czecho-Slovak working class are to be invited to take part in the negotiations.

Any number of qualified members of the working class who can be spared from industries, and who are convinced socialists as well, are to be placed at the disposal of Soviet Russia. Likewise, any technical facilities that can be spared, and any technical professional men, the selection of whom is to be left to the workingmen's organizations.

The working class appeals to its delegates in the government of the Czecho-Slovak Republic to represent vigorously their aims in Parliament.

The working class appeals to its party leaders to get at once in touch with the Russian Communist Party as well as with the representatives of the Third Internationale, and, further, to send a commission to Soviet Russia composed of the adherents of the political, cooperative, and branch organizations, as well as of the workmen's representatives from the Prague factories and the principal industrial centers of the country, for the purpose of learning directly on the spot about the situation in Soviet Russia and about the possibility of entering upon international workingmen's relations on the basis of the stipulations of the Third Internationale.

Two more resolutions were adopted, one calling for the establishment of "brotherly contact," with the Russian masses in all branches of human activity, and the other calling upon the government to establish direct commercial relations with Soviet Russia.

Events of the Week

MAY 3. The members of the International Railway Board, with the exception of the Japanese member, have forwarded to their governments a protest against the actions of the Japanese military forces in Siberia. The protest accuses the Japanese of delaying, instead of assisting, the evacuation of the Czechs, and also, by interfering with traffic on the Chinese Eastern Railway, of provoking conflicts which resulted in needless loss of life to Chinese, Russians, and Czechs.

In a report recently compiled at Shanghai by the Anti-Opium Society it is asserted that the importation of opium into Shanghai has increased from 14 to 28 tons annually in the past five years. By reason of a growth in production from new poppy fields in Szechwan and Fukien, the price is reported to have fallen to $3 an ounce.

MAY 4. As a protest against the acquisition by the United States of most of Taboga Island for the defense of the Panama Canal on the Pacific side, several thousand Panamans paraded in the streets of Panama and held up an automobile in which General Pershing was driving. Street riots, in which a number of Panama officials were injured by flying rocks, occurred later in the day.

The London *Evening Standard* states that the Government is considering a proposal made by the Ministry of Transport to buy up most of the smaller railroads and lease them to the larger companies. There are now 135 railroad companies and the plan is to administer them in four groups, thus affecting a large saving in the cost of administration and operation.

MAY 6. The program of the tenth congress of the Second Internationale to be held at Geneva on July 31, includes discussion of the transformation of a capitalist society into a communist one; the international union; the suppression of armaments; a new league of nations; and the representation and defense of the interests of subject races.

MAY 7. In a memorial to the Reparations Commission, Germany states that the minimum exports needed by her for next year amount in all to 21,500,000 tons, as compared with nearly 73,000,000 tons in 1913. At the pre-war rates, about 1,000,000 tons of shipping would be required for this transport, and after the fulfilment of the Peace Treaty Germany will be left with only 300,000 tons. The difference will have to be made up by engaging foreign shipping, and this, according to the memorial, will be impossible in Germany's present condition.

The American Embassy at Tokio has notified the Department of State of Japan's acceptance of the consortium loan to China, which is expected to amount to about $50,000,000. The United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan are the parties in the consortium, and as a concession to Japan's reluctance to include other countries, Japan will have the right to object to loans for any work which she feels will "jeopardize her national life or vitally affect her sovereignty."

The peace treaty with Turkey will be handed to the Turkish delegation on May 11 at Paris. The Hungarian treaty was given to the delegates for the second time on May 5, with ten days in which to sign or reject it. Practically all of the requests of the Hungarians for modifications in the treaty were refused.

MAY 8. The budget for the League of Nations from its organization to July 1, which will be presented to the League Council at its Rome meeting, amounts in all to $1,250,000. Items in the budget include $485,000 for salaries; $290,000 for the International Labor Offices; and $105,000 for sending the Commission of Inquiry into Russia. The League Council must now determine the allocation of this expenditure, and the monetary unit to be used in computing future League budgets.

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